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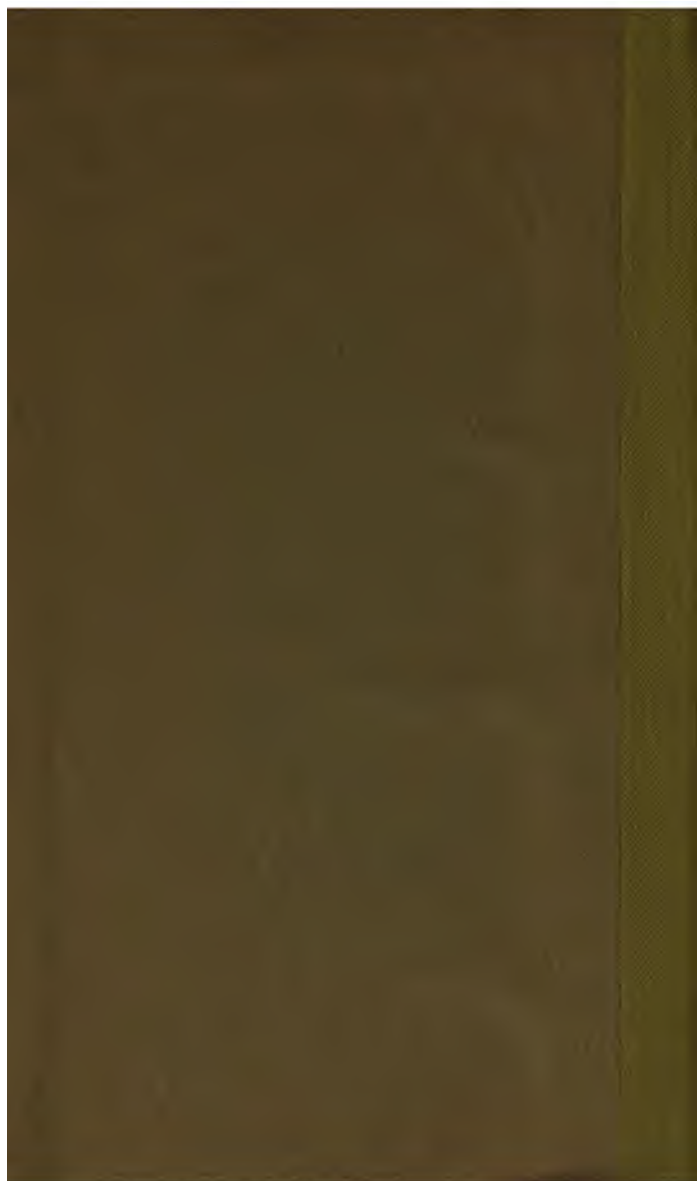
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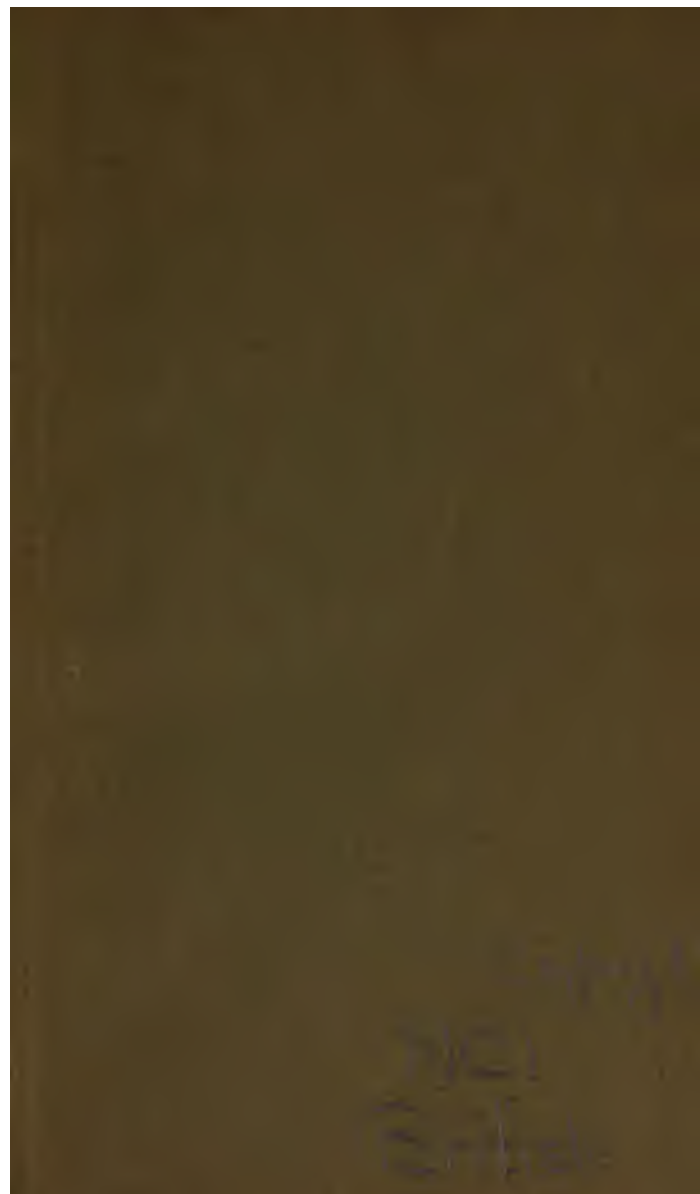
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THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LXV.

LANGHORNE.



CHISWICK:

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THE
POEMS

OF

John Langhorne.

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FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THEY WERE
ALREADY
GONE

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THE
LIFE OF JOHN LANGHORNE.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

THE father of JOHN LANGHORNE was the Reverend Joseph Langhorne, of Winton, in the county of Westmoreland, who held a benefice in Lincolnshire. John Langhorne was born at Kirkby Stephen, in the month of March, 1735, and, when only four years of age, he had the misfortune to lose his father. This loss was, however, rendered lighter by the tender and judicious care of his mother, who ‘nursed his infant thought, and taught his mind to grow,’ with a perseverance and success which deserved and gained his warmest affection. He deplored her death, in a Monody, which speaks the language of the heart, and subsequently raised a monument to her memory, on which he inscribed the following emphatic testimony to her maternal virtues:

Her, who to teach this trembling hand to write,
Toil’d the long day, and watch’d the tedious night,
I mourn, though number’d with the heavenly host;
With her the means of gratitude are lost.

At the proper age he was sent to a school at Winton, whence he removed to another at Appleby. His progress was rapid; for, to strong native talent he

joined unusual closeness of application. He not merely performed, with cheerfulness and facility, the usual school tasks, but also imposed on himself exercises, which he submitted to the revisal of his preceptor, Mr. Yates. It is not often that boys undertake works of supererogation; and we, therefore, cannot be surprised that Mr. Yates should have been partial to so extraordinary a pupil. At the age of thirteen, Langhorne is said to have been able to read and to construe the Testament in Greek.

It is probable that Langhorne participated but little in the boisterous sports of his companions, and that a part of the time which he thus saved was devoted to mental improvement. His chief amusement was derived from contemplating the beauties of nature, in the romantic county which gave him birth. From his childhood he was so fond of retirement that often, when very young, he walked two miles from home to indulge his musings in a shady and solitary spot. To his early and lonely wanderings among the wild scenery of Westmoreland he, in his poems, more than once alludes with evident delight.

Placed amidst objects calculated, by their beauty and their grandeur, to produce a powerful effect on the mind, his poetical faculties were early awakened. It has been supposed that he did not begin to write verse till his removal into Yorkshire. This, however, is a mistake, which might have been avoided by a perusal of his poems. He himself tells us that he first courted the Muse on the banks of the Eden; and, as he speaks of his 'infant mind,' and 'infant lyre,' it may be presumed that he was very young when the courtship began. A clergyman, of the name of Lamb, was the person who stimulated him to exertion, and formed his taste; and Langhorne has, in consequence, commemorated him, in a few stanzas, which, if not excellent, have at least the

merit of expressing warmly the feelings of affection and gratitude.

At the age of eighteen, by which time he was become an accomplished classical scholar, Langhorne quitted the school at Appleby. The want of pecuniary resources prevented him from continuing his studies at the University, and likewise rendered it necessary for him to draw from his talents and acquirements the means of subsistence. He accordingly engaged himself as a private tutor in a family which resided near Ripon. While thus occupied, he amused his leisure with the composition of verse. Many of the poems which he composed at this period he afterwards destroyed; some were preserved in 'The Grand Magazine,' a periodical work published by Mr. Ralph Griffith, which was dropped at the expiration of three years. Among the poems which he then produced was 'Studley Park,' in praise of a domain of that name, sometimes called Studley Royal, situated in the vicinity of Ripon. It is said to have been written with the view of obtaining patronage from the owner of the spot which he celebrated; and that his expectations were disappointed. That, for some reason or other, he consigned it to oblivion is certain; but it has since been admitted into the collection of his works, and it is not undeserving of a place. The versification is musical, and the description is often picturesque and spirited. If it be true that his hopes of finding a patron were frustrated, we may suppose that he remembered the circumstance resentfully; for there seems to be, in his 'Hymn to Plutus,' a bitter allusion to the former or present possessor of Studley Royal.

From Ripon he removed to Wakefield, where he acted as assistant at the free school, of which Mr. Clarke was then at the head. While employed there he took deacon's orders, and acquired popularity as

a preacher. His conduct in the school must have been praiseworthy; as, in 1759, Mr. Clarke recommended him to Robert Cracroft, Esq. of Hackthorne, about seven miles from Lincoln, to educate the nine sons of that gentleman. Numerous as this family was, Langhorne also undertook the tuition of Mr. Edmund Cartwright, who had been brought up at Wakefield. This may be considered as a sufficient proof that he did not shrink from toil. Mr. Cartwright, who has since made himself honourably known, in the dissimilar pursuits of poetry and mechanics, remained a twelvemonth under his care, and was then sent to Oxford.

There is no proof that any of Langhorne's poems were given separately to the public before 1759, in which year he published his translation of the death of Adonis. It was followed, early in 1760, by 'The Tears of Music, a poem to the memory of Mr. Handel, with an Ode to the River Eden.' Yet, in their mention of the latter work, the Critical Reviewers declared that they had 'had frequent opportunities of doing justice to Mr. Langhorne's merit on former occasions.' If their assertion be correct, the productions to which they allude must have appeared anonymously, and they were never afterwards claimed by him.

By his version from the Greek of Bion he gained more reputation as a classical scholar than as a poet. It is, however, by no means contemptible as a poem. Somewhat higher praise may, perhaps, be allowed to his tribute to the genius of Handel. The Ode to the River Eden was, he observed, 'added only by way of ballast;' but it is a pleasing composition.

In the year 1760 he was busily occupied in various ways. For the purpose of taking the degree of bachelor of divinity he entered his name at Clare-hall, Cambridge; but, as his name is not to be found among the Cambridge graduates, it is supposed that

he was unsuccessful. Two works, besides 'The Tears of Music,' likewise proceeded from his pen. One of these bears powerful testimony to the benevolence of his heart. He collected his poems into a volume, the profits of which he applied to the relief of a gentleman who had fallen into poverty. 'If (said he, in his preface), any one into whose hands this work may fall, should be dissatisfied with his purchase, let him remember that they are published for the relief of a gentleman in distress; and that he has not thrown away five shillings in the purchase of a worthless book, but contributed so much to the assistance of indigent merit. I had rather have my readers feel that pleasure which arises from the sense of having done one virtuous deed, than all they can enjoy from the works of poetry and wit.' This volume came from the press at Lincoln. While of Clare-hall, in 1760, he wrote a poem on the king's accession, of which only a fragment is preserved. The few lines which remain, and they are probably a fair specimen of the whole, are, according to immemorial usage, devoted to a prediction of 'halcyon days and minutes plumed with gold,' a prediction which can now only excite a sigh for the vanity of human hopes and wishes.

In the following year, still as a member of Clare-hall, he celebrated the royal nuptials, in an Ode, which was first printed among the Cambridge poems, and afterwards in 'Solyman and Almena.' Little can be said in favour of this Hymeneal, except that it flows in smooth verse. It consists of the merest commonplaces of poetry, not rendered tolerable by any peculiar grace of language. The lines are crowded with Aonia's rosy pride, and Hymen, and Jove, and Juno, and old Ocean, and much more of the same hackneyed imagery; and the reader must find it impossible not to yawn before he reaches the

conclusion of a piece in the composition of which neither Nature nor Fancy has borne a part.

A circumstance now occurred, which induced Langhorne to relinquish his situation at Hackthorn. The charms, the sweetness of disposition, and the congenial taste, of Miss Apne Cracroft, one of his employer's daughters, had gained possession of his heart. He had assisted her in acquiring the Italian language, and, as he was partial to and a judge of music, she had frequently repaid him by the exercise of her musical powers. A mutual attachment was the consequence of these mutual attentions. Her affection she avowed, but it did not lead her beyond the bounds of prudence. She knew that her family would not consent to an union with a man who had no fortune but his talents, and, therefore, when he pressed her to marriage, she gave a refusal, which, while it was firm enough to put an end to solicitation, was yet tender enough to prevent him from yielding to despair. Doubtful, perhaps, of his ability to conceal his passion, and, perhaps, fearing to increase it by the constant sight of a beloved object, he quitted Hackthorn, and sought relief in distant and busier scenes.

In 1761 we find him acting as curate to the Rev. Abraham Blackburn, of Dagenham. In the village of Dagenham resided the Gillmans, an amiable family, the friendship of which he acquired, and seems always to have highly valued. To Mrs. Gillman, whom he praised in his verses, he some years afterwards bequeathed the care of his infant daughter. It was probably while he lived at Dagenham, that he published his 'Hymn to Hope,' one of the best of his poems. The topics of it are well chosen, and well managed, and the diction is elegant. From the tone in which it is written, we may perceive that he laboured under no serious apprehensions as to the

result of his attachment to Miss Cracroft. There is, indeed, nothing of the despairing lover in any of the verses which she inspired. He knew that he was a favoured suitor, and was resigned, if not content, to wait till a more propitious period for the reward of his affection.

The mind of Langhorne was likewise too much occupied, by incessant literary exertion, to indulge in repining and lamentation. In the course of the year 1762, he produced no less than four works, two of which were of considerable magnitude, and all of different styles. These were 'Solyman and Almena,' an eastern tale; 'Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm;' 'Visions of Fancy;' and 'The Viceroy,' a poem, in honour of Lord Halifax, who was then lord lieutenant of Ireland.

The tale of Solyman and Almena he was, perhaps, induced to write by the success of Hawkesworth's 'Almorán and Hamet,' which had recently been published. It is, however, not equal to the work of Hawkesworth. It is less oriental, less vigorous, displays less skill both in construction and composition. Yet it may be read with pleasure, and it still holds a place, though a secondary one, among the popular works of fiction.

The Letters on Religious Retirement are addressed to a lady, and were designed to counteract the tendency to enthusiasm, gloominess, and abhorrence of harmless pleasures, which the fanatical doctrines of some methodistical declaimers are calculated to produce. As far as they go, they are not without merit; but they are superficial, and the style has neither simplicity nor strength. Warburton, however, to whom they were dedicated, wrote to their author a complimentary letter, and prompted him to use his pen in the cause of religion.

Like his 'Studley Park,' the poem of 'The Viceroy' is said to have been written in the hope of ob-

taining a patron; and, like that, it failed of accomplishing his purpose. Lord Halifax was deaf to the flattering accents of the Muse. It would not be difficult to justify his lordship's contemptuous neglect of praise, which was given only with interested views, and which was likewise of small intrinsic worth, as it was graced neither by novelty of idea, nor delicacy of application. What man of sense, unknown too as an orator, could be gratified by being told that he rivaled Demosthenes and Cicero, that the genii and Sylvanus thronged from the groves to hear him, and that Pan threw down his pipe in anger, suspecting him to be Phoebus in disguise? Of this unfortunate poem, when Langhorne collected his works, he preserved but a fragment, in which the name of Halifax is not mentioned. If not merited, the praise, such as it was, ought not to have been given; if merited, it ought not to have been expunged.

The 'Visions of Fancy' were well received by the public, and they deserved to be so; for, undeformed by affectation or pedantry, they speak, in polished numbers, the language of the heart.

Pursuing with increased spirit his literary career, Langhorne, who had espoused the cause of Lord Bute, now ventured to write in praise of Scotland. Churchill's Prophecy of Famine, one of the severest and best of his productions, had recently appeared. To counteract in some degree the effect of that bitterly sarcastical poem, Langhorne, in 1763, published 'Genius and Valour,' a Scotch pastoral, which he boldly inscribed to the Earl of Bute, 'as a tribute of respect from an impartial Englishman.' In this instance he certainly did not worship the rising sun: the luminary to which he offered his incense was then in the wane; and we may, therefore, believe in the sincerity of the worshiper. 'Genius and Valour' is an elegant and poetical composition; but it was

less likely to make converts to his party than enemies to himself. Churchill, as might be expected, attacked him, briefly indeed, but with his wonted asperity of censure, and poignancy of ridicule. Langhorne, however, did not remain wholly unrewarded for his liberal exertion in behalf of the Scotch. Three years afterwards he received from Dr. Robertson, the historian, who was then principal of the university of Edinburgh, a complimentary letter, with a diploma for the degree of doctor in divinity.

In the same year he published three other works; one in verse, and two in prose. The poem was 'The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle I.' inscribed to his intimate friend, General Craufurd, at whose seat of Belvidere he passed many of his leisure hours. The second epistle was not printed till the year 1765. The subject is a noble one, and it appears to have animated the writer. In both these epistles there is occasionally a want of connexion, but they have at the same time a loftiness of thought, and an energy and happiness of expression, which atone for this defect. The sentiments are those of a mind warmly benevolent, which can feel hostile to nothing but to meanness and vice. The original edition of the first epistle contained a severe paragraph of personal satire, which the poet subsequently omitted. In the close of the second epistle, the mention of General Craufurd's death is introduced with uncommon skill and effect, and the language is truly pathetic.

Adopting for his groundwork a story in 'The Spectator,' he produced a volume of 'Letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia, after she had taken the veil.' To this, encouraged by its success, he, in the following year, added the letters of the two lovers, 'from their first acquaintance to the departure of Theodosius.' This correspondence has been several times reprinted, and it still has ad-

mirers. Many of the precepts which it gives are excellent, and the style, though often faulty in point of taste, is, on the whole, not devoid of elegance.

With Mr. Chalmers I agree in opinion, that the 'Effusions of Friendship and Fancy' is a very pleasing miscellany of humour, fancy, and criticism, but that the style is often flippant and irregular. It soon reached a second edition, in which it was much enlarged and improved. In one of the letters Langhorne treats the bulk of mankind with little ceremony: 'For my part (says he), I think it sufficient to number among those who are not displeased with my works a few great names; and as to the sightless multitude, I would not give a fig for its collective praise.' Yet no man made more frequent appeals to the public than Langhorne, who seems to have sent to the press every line which dropped from his pen.

In 1764 he became curate and lecturer of St. John's, Clerkenwell, and fixed his residence in the metropolis. He now published two volumes of Sermons, which it must be owned have no claim to be ranked among the models of pulpit eloquence. In a dissertation, by the late Mr. Mainwaring, of St. John's College, Cambridge, they are censured with much severity and justice. They are, indeed, weak in argument, affected in ornament, and vicious in style. The prominent fault of Langhorne's prose style is what may be called its flimsiness; it has no cohesion, no strength; and of this fault his sermons have a more than usual share.

About this time Langhorne, who was now become a highly popular writer, was engaged as a critic in the Monthly Review, by Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of that work. It is probable that they were already acquainted, Langhorne having six years before been a contributor to the 'Grand Magazine.' How long this new connexion existed is not clearly ascertained.

The son of Langhorne believes it to have continued till the death of his father; while Mr. Chalmers is of opinion that it terminated about the year 1769. The reasons which he assigns for his opinion, though weighty, are, however, not conclusive.

In consequence of his critical occupation, Langhorne became intimate with many literary characters; and he also provoked the inveterate hostility of several authors, by the strain of ridicule in which he is said to have reviewed their productions. Hugh Kelly was among those who imagined themselves to be thus aggrieved; and, in his 'Thespis,' he endeavoured to take vengeance for the injury, by an attack upon Langhorne, of such violence, and even brutality, as could scarcely fail of defeating his purpose. His missiles were flung with a force so intemperate, that they rebounded on the sender. He who complains that truth and justice have been violated in his person, ought, at least, to show that he himself is not disposed to violate them in the person of another. Instead of proving that his supposed enemy was in the wrong, Kelly accused him of being a notorious dunce, an unsuccessful author, and a man whom 'whole worlds detested and despised.' These were charges which every one knew to be false, and therefore they reflected disgrace only on the person who made them. It is to be regretted that Kelly, who was a man of ability, should have suffered passion to lead him so widely astray.

Besides the second epistle on 'The Enlargement of the Mind,' Langhorne published, in the course of the year 1765, an edition of the poems of Collins, with a memoir and critical remarks, in which he did justice to the talents of his author. Time has fully ratified the warm praise which he bestows on the genius of Collins. His next production was 'Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit,' which contain many excellent hints to clergymen, on the subject of com-

position, elocution and action. In these letters there are passages which may have suggested ideas to Cowper, in his second book of *The Task*. Langhorne now received some proof that his labours were held in estimation by men of whose good opinion he might reasonably be proud. He was appointed assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, by Dr. Hurd, probably through the recommendation of Warburton, or the Hon. Charles Yorke, to both of whom he was known. From the friendship of the latter he had great expectations, which were suddenly destroyed by Mr. Yorke's untimely death, an event by which the feelings of Langhorne are said to have been deeply and permanently affected.

In the following year he relaxed from the labours of original composition, and suffered his mind, as it were, to lie fallow. He was, however, not idle. He gave to the world a new edition of '*The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy*,' and collected into two duodecimo volumes his scattered poems. This collection contained little that was new, except '*The Fatal Prophecy*, a dramatic poem.' Of this tragedy the scene is laid in Denmark, and the plot is built on the seduction, by Ostan, a Danish chief, of Lena; the wife of Valdemar, the Norwegian monarch. Though it is sometimes poetical, it is radically defective in every thing that constitutes a drama. It was treated with neglect by the public, and the author himself suffered it quietly to drop into oblivion.

Since his leaving Hackthorn, Langhorne had kept up a correspondence with Miss Cracroft, whose attachment to him, like his to her, was undiminished by time and absence. At length he obtained the reward of his affection and constancy. He had now established his name, and earned some of the honours of his profession, and had fair prospects of rising in the world. Perhaps, too, it was considered

as an act of cruelty to persist in attempting to eradicate a passion which was so deeply rooted in the breast of Miss Cracroft. In 1767, therefore, her relations consented to her union with the man of her choice. She brought him some fortune; at least sufficient to purchase the living of Blagdon, in Somersetshire; and to Blagdon he immediately removed, to fulfil in person his pastoral duties.

The felicity which Langhorne enjoyed in the married state was exquisite, but transient. In the poem entitled 'Precepts of Conjugal Happiness,' addressed to his wife's sister, Mrs. Nelthorpe, he describes his wife as 'that gentle heart, where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part.' Of that life of his soul he was soon after suddenly deprived. Little more than a year had elapsed, when Mrs. Langhorne expired in giving birth to a son. She was buried in the chancel of Blagdon church, and her husband inscribed on her monument the following lines:

With Sappho's taste, with Arria's tender heart,
Lucretia's honour, and Cecilia's art,
That such a woman died surprise can't give,
'Tis only strange that such a one should live.

In these lines I can discover nothing to praise. They are recommended neither by elegance nor pathos. The composition is careless, the comparison is pedantic, and the pert epigrammatic turn of the last line is at variance with true feeling and the solemnity of the subject.

A more worthy tribute was, however, paid to her virtues by her husband, in 'Verses to the Memory of a Lady, written at Sandgate Castle.' It is singular that, on this occasion, he went out of his way to attack the monody by Lord Lyttelton, a man with whom he had been acquainted, and of whose approbation he had publicly boasted. The monody he censures, as being tame in feeling, and florid in expression; and he more than hints that the love which

inspired his lordship was not of an ardent kind. He ought to have known that the sorrow which is so overpoweringly poignant as to be incapable of seeking for ornament to grace its strains, must at least be equally incapable of indulging in critical remarks on style; and having reprobated 'flowery grief,' he should not have introduced Love crowned with flowers, wounding with golden shafts, and leading the rosy day, or dejected Hymen strewing his wreaths on the dim grave. The imagery is beautiful, but it violates his own system. The fourteen lines, in which he alludes to Lyttelton and Petrarch, seem to be wholly out of place. They interrupt offensively the train of thought which the melancholy opening of the poem excites. Were they expunged, no poem, perhaps, would better deserve than this of Langhorne the praise of tenderness and pathos.

By these verses Langhorne acquired the friendship of Scott, of Amwell, who was then suffering from the same calamity, and solaced his woe in a similar manner. The friendship thus formed continued till it was dissolved by death.

Returning to his literary pursuits with fresh eagerness, in the hope, perhaps, of diverting his attention from mournful ideas, Langhorne, in 1769, gave to the public 'Letters supposed to have passed between M. de St. Evremond and Waller,' in two volumes; and 'Frederic and Pharamond, or the Consolations of Human Life,' in one volume. The latter work consists of four dialogues on the consolation which religion and philosophy can afford to persons who are afflicted. It is evidently from the pen of a man of sense and learning; but it is not remarkable for profound thinking, or beauty of diction. The 'Letters of St. Evremond and Waller' are in a lighter strain. They are not unamusing; the assumed character of the writers is not badly supported; yet they will seldom, if ever, be read a second time. They want that vivifying spirit without which no book can

live. I am not aware that they passed through more than one edition.

Shortly after the death of his wife, Langhorne went to reside with his elder brother, who was then rector of Hawkinge, and perpetual curate of Folkestone, in Kent. William Langhorne, though inferior in talent to John, was a man of respectable abilities. He is the author of a Paraphrase of a part of Isaiah, of Job, a poem, and of two volumes of sermons. Than these no two brothers were ever animated with a warmer mutual affection. While they resided together at Folkestone, they jointly completed a translation of Plutarch's Lives, of which it is unnecessary to say more than that it soon acquired a popularity which it still retains.

The 'Fables of Flora' appeared in 1773; and, though defective in some essential points, they must be allowed to possess considerable merit. They display a lively fancy, and much power of description, and the versification is polished with a sedulous care.

In the autumn of the same year he lived for a few months at Potton, in Bedfordshire, and while there he wrote his 'Origin of the Veil,' which, however, was not sent forth till two years afterwards. It is not one of his happiest efforts. About the same period he also gave to the world, with the title of 'Letters to Eleonora,' his correspondence with Miss Cracroft, previous to his marriage. He is said to have committed these letters to the press in compliance with her request. The world did not receive them as favourably as she had done. They were criticised with coldness or disapprobation, and are so completely forgotten, that I have not been able to procure a copy.

In 1772 Langhorne revisited Westmoreland, his native county, and once more entered into the marriage state. His second wife was the daughter of

Mr. Thompson, a magistrate, near Brough. Soon after their nuptials they made a tour through a part of France and Flanders, whence, in the spring of 1773, he returned to Blagdon, where he was put into the commission of the peace. A few months after his return, he published 'A Dissertation, historical and political, on the ancient Republics of Italy,' from the Italian of Denina, to which he added notes and observations.

At the solicitation of his friend and countryman, Dr. Burn, Langhorne composed a poem, partly didactic, partly satirical, which bears the title of 'The Country Justice.' It is divided into three parts, which appeared in 1774, 1775, and 1777. Taken altogether, this is one of the best of Langhorne's productions in verse. His satire is keen without being vulgar, and it is relieved by descriptive and pathetic passages of no ordinary merit. It would be difficult to find anywhere lines more affecting than those which, in the first part, describe the soldier's widow weeping over her child. The benevolent spirit which pervades the whole of the poem cannot be too warmly praised.

The second wife of Langhorne died in 1776, and, like his first, she died in childbed. She left a daughter, whom by his will, he entrusted to the care of Mrs. Gillman. It is probable that he felt this second loss severely, but he left no record of his sorrow, except a slight allusion, in the stanzas to Senior Mozzi, prefixed to his version of Milton's Italian poems, which came forth in July, 1776. Of his translations, whether of Milton or Petrarch, it need only be observed, that they are not always faithful either to the letter or the spirit of their originals. In the course of this year he printed two occasional sermons.

In 1777 he was presented with a prebend in the cathedral of Wells. This preferment was given to

him by Dr. Moss, at the request of the Bouverie family, and it was the highest that he obtained.

His last work was 'Owen of Carron,' a tale, which came from the press in 1778. It is more unequal in its composition than any of his other poems. Alliteration is employed till it becomes tiresome; affected modes of expression repeatedly occur; and many passages are awkward and obscure. Yet it must be owned that he not unfrequently atones for his faults by masterly touches of imagination and pathos. Considered with reference to its moral effect, this tale is liable to objection. The deviation of Lady Ellen from the paths of virtue is passed over without even the slightest hint of censure.

The existence of Langhorne was closed before it reached an advanced period. After having suffered a lingering illness, he died at Blagdon House, on the first of April, 1779. The only poetical tribute which was paid to his memory was from the pen of his friend, Mr. Portal, who published an elegy on his death. In 1804 a new edition of his poems was published by his son.

If we look to the private character of Langhorne he appears in an amiable light. Social, warm-hearted, and liberal in his sentiments, he seems to have had few enemies, and numerous friends. One fault alone is imputed to him. It is said, that, during the latter part of his life, he was often a visiter at a Burton alehouse, then in much repute, the sign of the Peacock, in Gray's Inn Lane; where he at times quaffed somewhat largely of a beverage which Butler and Pope have stigmatised as being an inspirer of none but poetasters. The circumstance of his frequenting a house of that kind must, however, not be hastily taken as a proof of degrading habits; the Peacock being at that day the resort of many persons of character and genius. Nor is it to be supposed that he was an habitual violator of the laws of sobriety.

The defects of his poetry are a redundancy of ornament, which encumbers what it is meant to embellish; an effeminate prettiness of manner, which detracts from the dignity of elevated subjects; and a diffuseness which weakens ideas that, were they clothed in more laconic language, might produce a forcible impression on the mind. Langhorne also has certain artifices of versification, and favourite peculiarities of style, which he employs till they become wearisome. Among these may be reckoned his making the emphasis fall on the adjective, as 'bright rose,' 'pale power,' 'red rage on his dark brow glows;' and his introduction of the word 'all,' as a mere expletive, as in the lines, 'All as I framed the love-lamenting tale,' 'All beneath a myrtle tree,' and a variety of others.

These defects are, however, thinly scattered over his works, and they are counterbalanced by numerous beauties. He is often original, almost always elegant; is by turns pathetic, descriptive, and playfully satirical, and in each of these styles is above mediocrity; his diction is sparkling and polished; his metrical melody, though not extensive in compass, neither offends the ear by harshness, nor wearies it by monotony; and, crowning his merit as a writer, his sentiments are uniformly those of a man who reverences virtue, abhors cruelty and oppression, and feels with a benevolent warmth for the sufferings of the wretched and the poor.

ENCOMIUMS.

ON READING HIS VISIONS OF FANCY, ETC.

By Miss Chatelcy.

FRAUGHT with each wish the friendly breast can
form,

A simple Muse, O ! Langhorne, would intrude ;
Her lays are languid, but her heart is warm,

Though not with Fancy's potent powers endued.

Fancy, though erst she shed a glimmering ray,
And oped to fairy scenes my infant eye,
From Pain and Care has wing'd her cheerful way,
And with Hygeia sought a milder sky.

No more my trembling hand attempts the lyre,
Which Shenstone oft (sweet bard) has deign'd
to praise ;

E'en tuneful Langhorne's friendship fails to'inspire
The glow that warm'd my breast in happier days.

Yet not this cold heart can remain unmoved,
When thy sweet numbers strike my raptured ear ;
The silver sounds, by every Muse approved,
Suspend a while the melancholy tear.

What time, on Arrowe's osier'd banks reclined,
I to the pale moon pour'd thy plaintive lay ;
Smooth roll'd the waves, more gently sigh'd the
And Echo stole the tender notes away. [wind,

Sweet elves and fays, that o'er the shadowy plains
 Their mystic rites and mazy dance pursue,
 Tuned their light minstrelsy to softer strains,
 And from thy lays their melting music drew.

Sweet son of Fancy! may the white-robed Hours
 Shed their kind influence on thy gentle breast;
 May Hebe strew thy vernal path with flowers,
 Bless'd in thy love, and in thy friendship bless'd.

Smooth as thy numbers may thy years advance,
 Pale Care and Pain their speeding darts suspend;
 May Health and Fancy lead the cheerful dance,
 And Hope for ever her fair torch extend.

For thee may Fame her fairest chaplets twine;
 Each fragrant bloom, that paints Aonia's brow,
 Each flower, that blows by Acidale, be thine;
 With the chaste laurel's never fading bough:

On thee may faithful Friendship's cordial smile
 Attendant wait to sooth each rising care;
 The nymph thou lovest be thine, devoid of guile,
 Mild, virtuous, kind, compassionate, and fair.

May thy sweet lyre still charm the generous mind,
 Thy liberal Muse the patriot spirit raise;
 While, in thy page to latest time consign'd,
 Virtue receives the meed of polish'd praise.



TO THE REV. MR. LANGHORNE.

HORACE, B. II. ODE XIV. IMITATED.

WITH how impetuous a career
 Runs out of sight the rapid year!

Believe me, Langhorne, though we pray,
 Like my good grandame, thrice a day,

Old age and coughs, and aches and agues,
In spite of piety will plague us.
Time out of memory has been mad,
And gallops over good and bad.
Tityus and Geryon triplefold,
The Broughton and the Slack of old,
Felt both, alack! a fatal day;—
And are we half as hard as they?
Assiduous Charon, quick as thought,
With lingering culls will cram the boat,
Nor will he bend or bate the least
To Dick the squire, or thee the priest.
What though you scape the wind and rain,
Nor tease for gold the fretful main,
Ne'er be by grace or sense forsook,
To cut a purse, or make a book;
You soon must quit your cure, to be
With Sisypheus and company.

Ah! then at last the lovestruck swain
Shall cease of Sylvia to complain!
You'll—won't you, think on many a day
That you and I have laugh'd away,
Of many a smiling social scene,
Of many a gambol on the green;
And look confoundedly askew
On sooty cypress and dull yew?

Indeed if grapes or barley grow,
Or snipe or woodcock fly below,
The sight some small relief may be;
But not a single trout you'll see.
'To fish (you'll cry) in such a flood!
O cursed Cocytæan mud!
Was it for this I wore my eyes
In forming artificial flies?

Was it for this, that better far
I threw my line than J—y C—r?

When you are dead, and fair and clear
Our common sheets of song appear,
Your son will think they serve to show
Your brains and mine were but so—so.
He'll see how you have slily stole
From Seed and South your sermons whole;
He'll wonder how you could for shame,
Then shake his head, and do the same.

SONNET.

By Scott, of Amwell.

LANGHORNE, unknown to me (sequester'd swain !)

Save by the Muse's soul-enchancing lay,
To kindred spirits never sung in vain,
Accept the tribute of this light essay;
Due for thy sweet songs that amused my day !
Where Fancy held her visionary reign,
Or Scotland's honours claim'd the pastoral
strain,

Or Music came o'er Handel tears to pay :
For all thy Irwan's flowery banks display,
Thy Persian lover and his Indian fair;
All Theodosius' mournful lines convey,
Where Pride and Avarice part a matchless pair;
Receive just praise and wreaths that ne'er decay,
By Fame and Virtue twined for thee to wear.

DEDICATION.

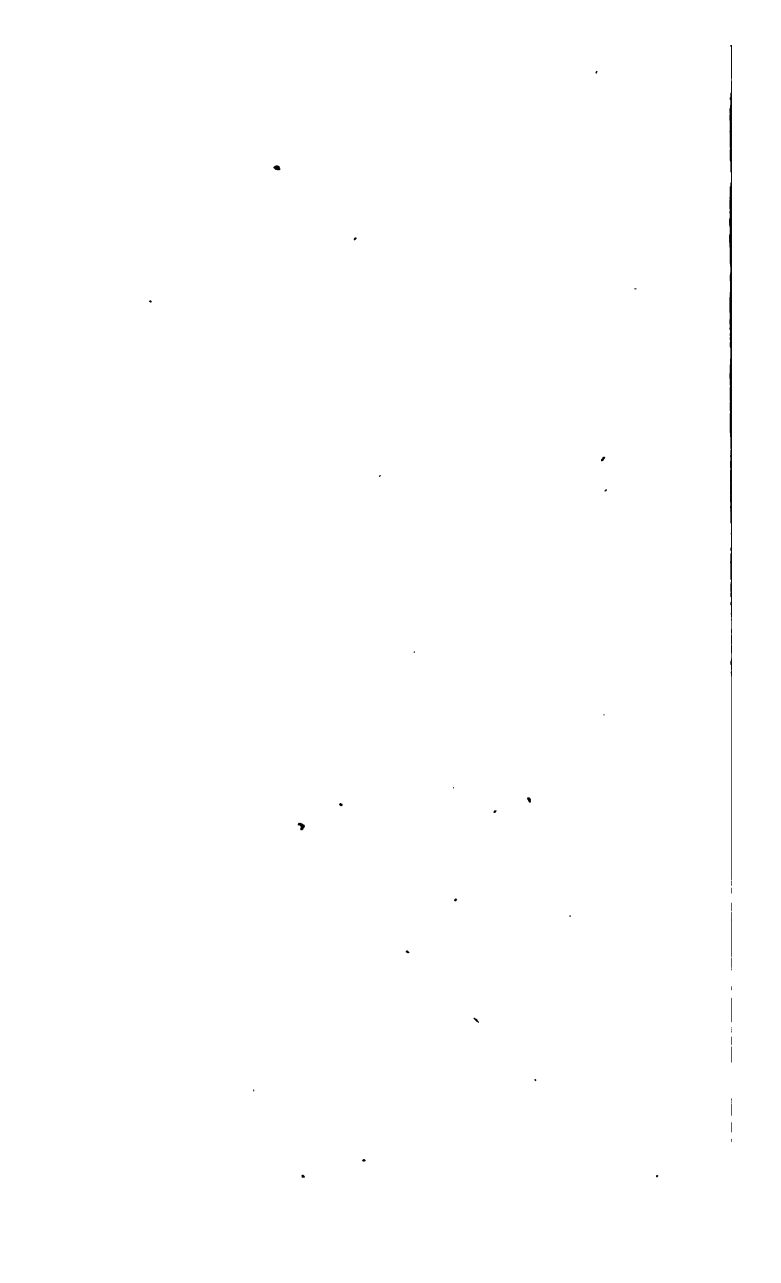
TO THE

HONOURABLE CHARLES YORKE.

A MUSE that loved in Nature's walks to stray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,
To Nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amusements of Life's vacant spring;
Nor shalt thou, Yorke, her humble offering blame,
If pure her incense, and unmix'd her flame.
She pours no flattery into Folly's ear,
No shameless hireling of a shameless Peer;
The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,
And Gloucester joins with Lyttelton to praise.
Each judge of art her strain, though artless, loves;
And Shenstone smiled, and polish'd Hurd approves.

O may such spirits long protect my page,
Surviving lights of Wit's departed age!
Long may I in their kind opinion live!
All meaner praise, all envy I forgive.—

Yet fairly be my future laurels won!
Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's son!
Should his free suffrage own the favour'd strain,
Though vain the toil, the glory were not vain.



PROEMIUM.

1766.

IN Eden's¹ vale, where early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought,
Where Pembroke's² grottoes, strew'd with Sid-
ney's bays,

Recall'd the dreams of visionary days,
Thus the fond Muse, that sooth'd my vacant youth,
Prophetic sung, and what she sung was truth—

' Boy, break thy lyre, and cast thy reed away;
Vain are the honours of the fruitless bay.

Though with each charm thy polish'd lay should
please,

Glow into strength, yet soften into ease;

Should Attic fancy brighten every line,

And all Aonia's harmony be thine;

Say would thy cares a grateful age repay?

Fame wreath thy brows, or Fortune gild thy way?

E'en her own fools, if Fortune smile, shall blame;

And Envy lurks beneath the flowers of Fame.

¹ The river Eden, in Westmoreland.

² The Countess of Pembroke, to whom Sir Philip Sidney dedicated his *Arcadia*, resided at Appleby, a small but beautiful town in Westmoreland, situated upon the Eden.

‘ Yet, if resolved, secure of future praise,
To tune sweet songs, and live melodious days,
Let not the hand, that decks my holy shrine,
Round Folly’s head the blasted laurel twine.
Just to thyself, dishonest grandeur scorn;
Nor gild the bust of meanness nobly born.
Let truth, let freedom still thy lays approve!
Respect my precepts, and retain my love!’

FABLES OF FLORA.

——— Sylyas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos——— VIRG.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE IVY,

As duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls;
So fair each morn, so full of grace,
Within their little garden rear'd,
The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
To meet the power she loved and fear'd.
And where, along the rising sky,
Her god in brighter glory burn'd,
Still there her fond observant eye,
And there her golden breast she turn'd.
When calling from their weary height
On western waves his beams to rest,
Still there she sought the parting sight,
And there she turn'd her golden breast.
But soon as night's invidious shade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves and drooping head,
Full sore she grieved, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd

The holy sisters smiled to see,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
And loved its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
The praise that falls on Envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch entwined,
The canker'd Ivy chanced to hear.

And ' see (she cried) that specious flower,
Whose flattering bosom courts the Sun,
The pageant of a gilded hour,
The convent's simple hearts hath won!

' Obsequious meanness! ever prone
To watch the patron's turning eye;
No will, no motion of its own!
'Tis this they love, for this they sigh:

' Go, splendid sycophant! no more
Display thy soft seductive arts!
The flattering clime of courts explore,
Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

' To me their praise more justly due,
Of longer bloom, and happier grace!
Whom changing months unalter'd view,
And find them in my fond embrace.'

' How well (the modest flower replied)
Can Envy's wrested eye elude
The obvious bounds that still divide
Foul Flattery from fair Gratitude!

' My duteous praise each hour I pay,
For few the hours that I must live;
And give to him my little day,
Whose grace another day may give.

- ‘ When low this golden form shall fall,
And spread with dust its parent plain,
That dust shall hear his genial call,
And rise, to glory rise again.
- ‘ To thee, my gracious power, to thee
My love, my heart, my life are due!
Thy goodness gave that life to be;
Thy goodness shall that life renew.
- ‘ Ah me! one moment from thy sight
That thus my truant eye should stray!
The god of glory sets in night!
His faithless flower has lost a day.’
- Sore grieved the flower, and droop’d her head;
And sudden tears her breast bedew’d:
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And, wrapp’d in holy wonder, view’d.
- With joy, with pious pride elate,
‘ Behold (the aged abbess cries)
An emblem of that happier fate
Which Heaven to all but us denies.
- ‘ Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
No charm but duty’s charm can move;
We shed no tears but holy tears
Of tender penitence and love.
- ‘ See there the envious world portray’d
In that dark look, that creeping pace!
No flower can bear the Ivy’s shade;
No tree support its cold embrace.
- ‘ The oak that rears it from the ground,
And bears its tendrils to the skies,
Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
And in its poisonous arms he dies.’

Her moral thus the matron read,
 Studious to teach her children dear,
 And they by love, or duty led,
 With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair
 (In convents still the tale is known),
 The fable heard with silent care,
 But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smiled along the day,
 And droop'd in tears at evening's fall;
 Too well she found her life display,
 Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy's gloomy shade,
 That murder'd what it most embraced,
 Too well that cruel scene convey'd
 Which all her fairer hopes effaced.

Her heart with silent horror shook;
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell:
 To the dim light she cast one look;
 And bade once more the world farewell.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
 And shun the splendid walks of fame;
 There are that hold it rueful strife
 To risk Ambition's losing game;
 That far from Envy's lurid eye
 The fairest fruits of Genius rear,
 Content to see them bloom and die
 In Friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,
The Evening Primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclined,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

' Ill fated flower, at eve to blow
(In pity's simple thought he cries);
Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

' Nor thee the vagrants of the field,
The hamlet's little train, behold:
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
When thine the falling shades unfold.

' Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
When love has fill'd his heart with cares;
For flowers he rifles all the meads,
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

' Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath:
Let smiling suns those gems illumine!
Fair flower, to live unseen is death.'

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow;

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approved her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain—

‘ Live unseen !

By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
 Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
 Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
 Laughing Day may look more sprightly,
 But I love the modest mien,
 Still I love the modest mien
 Of gentle Evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

Didst thou, shepherd, never find
 Pleasure is of pensive kind?
 Has thy cottage never known
 That she loves to live alone?
 Dost thou not at evening hour
 Feel some soft and secret power
 Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
 Leave sweet serenity behind ;
 While, all disarm'd, the cares of day
 Steal through the falling gloom away?
 Love to think thy lot was laid
 In this undistinguish'd shade.
 Far from the world's infectious view,
 Thy little virtues safely blew.
 Go, and in day's more dangerous hour
 Guard thy emblematic flower.'

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

THE reed¹ that once the shepherd blew
 On old Cephissus' hallow'd side,
 To Sylla's cruel bow applied,
 Its inoffensive master slew.

¹ The reeds on the banks of the Cephissus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's soldiers used for arrows.

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
 Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath :
 Thy rage let innocence withstand ;
 Let music sooth the thirst of death.

He frown'd—He bade the arrow fly—
 The arrow smote the tuneful swain ;
 No more its tone his lip shall try,
 Nor wake its vocal soul again. .

Cephus, from his sedgy urn,
 With woe beheld the sanguine deed ;
 He mourn'd, and, as they heard him mura,
 Assenting sigh'd each trembling reed.

' Fair offspring of my waves (he cried),
 That bind my brows, my banks adorn,
 Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
 For music, peace, and beauty born ;

' Ah ! what, unheeded, have we done ?
 What demons here in death delight ?
 What fiends that curse the social sun ?
 What furies of infernal night ?

' See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed ;
 Each heart in harmony that vied,
 Smote by its own melodious reed,
 Lies cold along my blushing side.

' Back to your urn, my waters, fly ;
 Or find in earth some secret way ;
 For horror dims yon conscious sky,
 And hell has issued into day.'

Through Delphi's holy depth of shade
 The sympathetic sorrows ran ;
 While in his dim and mournful glade
 The Genius of her groves began—

‘ In vain Cephisus sighs to save
The swain that loves his watery mead,
And weeps to see his reddening wave,
And mourns for his perverted reed :

‘ In vain my violated groves
Must I with equal grief bewail,
While desolation sternly roves,
And bids the sanguine hand assail.

‘ God of the genial stream, behold
My laurel shades of leaves so bare !
Those leaves no poet’s brows unfold,
Nor bind Apollo’s golden hair.

‘ Like thy fair offspring, misapplied,
Far other purpose they supply ;
The murderer’s burning cheek to hide,
And on his frownful temples die.

‘ Yet deem not these of Pluto’s race,
Whom wounded Nature sues in vain ;
Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
And cries, indignant, They are men.’

THE

GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

As Dee, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o’er Merioneth’s plain,
By mountains forced his way to steer
Along the lake of Pimble Mere,
Darts swiftly through the stagnant mass,
His waters trembling as they pass,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix’d, unsullied as they flow—

So clear through life's tumultuous tide,
So free could Thought and Fancy glide;
Could Hope as sprightly hold her course,
As first she left her native source,
Unsought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah! they will not, will not last—
When life's first fairy stage is pass'd,
The glowing hand of Hope is cold;
And Fancy lives not to be old.
Darker and darker all before;
We turn the former prospect o'er;
And find in Memory's faithful eye
Our little stock of pleasures lie.

Come, then; thy kind recesses ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of Hope!
Come with thy visionary train,
And bring my morning scenes again!
To Enon's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the woodland Genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame.—

Or, where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves through solitary meads;
And only feeds the desert flower,
Where once she sooth'd my slumbering hour:
Or, roused by Stainmore's wintry sky,
She wearies echo with her cry;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
Her deeply wounded banks declare.—

Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Osty's brow,
Or Brockley's alder-shaded cave,
Or, winding round the Druid's grave,

Silently glide, with pious fear
To sound: his holy slumbers near.—

To these fair scenes of Fancy's reign,
O Memory! bear me once again:
For, when life's varied scenes are pass'd,
'Tis simple Nature charms at last.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
The' indulgent power his prayer approved,
And, ere the gather'd rose could fade,
Restored him to the scenes he loved.

A Rose, the poet's favourite flower,
From Flora's cultured walks he bore;
No fairer bloom'd in Esher's bower,
Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could Fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's snowy hair;
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for shades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires, [moves.
How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave

So marvel'd much in Enon's shade
The flowers that all uncultured grew,
When there the splendid Rose display'd
Her swelling breast and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
The pensive Eglantine complain'd.—

- ‘ Mistaken youth (with sighs she said),
 From Nature and from me to stray !
 The bard, by splendid forms betray’d,
 No more shall frame the purer lay.
- ‘ Luxuriant, like the flaunting rose,
 And gay the brilliant strains may be,
 But far, in beauty far from those,
 That flow’d to Nature and to me.’
- The poet felt, with fond surprise,
 The truths the silvan critic told ;
 And, ‘ though this courtly Rose (he cries)
 Is gay, is beauteous to behold ;
- ‘ Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
 Wild sweetness which no words express,
 And charms in thy simplicity,
 That dwell not in the pride of dress.’
-

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artless breast
 The god of fond desires repair ;
 Implore him for a gentle guest,
 Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty’s soul-enchanting smile,
 Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
 Should these thy wandering eye beguile,
 And steal thy wareless heart away ;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
 And soon the erring eye deplore,
 If in the beauteous bosom dwell
 No gentle virtue’s genial store.

Far from his hive one summer day,
A young and yet unpractised bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon in play he pass'd,
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seized his little frame.

By nature urged, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent skies
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
The velvet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eyes with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast,
Than felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When first the golden bloom he press'd.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul-sustaining charms abound :
No honey'd sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led
Through those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

' Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
That courts thine eye with fair attire ;
Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
Will smile to see that heart expire.

' This modest flower of humbler hue,
That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
Array'd in unbespangled blue,
The simple clothing of the skies—

' This flower, with balmy sweetness bless'd,
May yet thy languid life renew :'
He said, and to the Violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

FROM Bactria's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray ;
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden day ;
From Bactria's vales to Britain's shore
What time the Crown Imperial came,
Full high the stately stranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eastern state,
In all the eastern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it strange in distant time,
That freedom e'en to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime !

Through purple meads, and spicy gales,
Where Strymon's ¹ silver waters play,
While far from hence their goddess dwells,
She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the Crown Imperial sought,
With high demand and haughty mien :
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival call'd the Meadow's Queen.

' In climes of orient glory born,
Where beauty first and empire grew ;
Where first unfolds the golden morn,
Where richer falls the fragrant dew ;

' In light's ethereal beauty dress'd,
Behold (he cried) the favour'd flower,
Which Flora's high commands invest
With ensigns of imperial power !

' Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,
And bending mountains own his sway,
While Persia's lord his empire leads,
And bids the trembling world obey ;

' While blood bedews the straining bow,
And conquest rends the scatter'd air,
'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
And reign in envied glory there.

¹ The Ionian Strymon.

‘ Then lowly bow, ye British flowers!
Confess your monarch’s mighty sway,
And own the only glory yours,
When fear flies trembling to obey.’

He said, and sudden o’er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran,
With modest air, and milder strain,
When thus the Meadow’s Queen began—

‘ If vain of birth, of glory vain,
Or fond to bear a regal name,
The pride of folly brings disdain,
And bids me urge a tyrant’s claim ;

‘ If war my peaceful realms assail,
And then, unmoved by Pity’s call,
I smile to see the bleeding vale,
Or feel one joy in Nature’s fall ;

‘ Then may each justly vengeful flower
Pursue her Queen with generous strife,
Nor leave the hand of lawless power
Such compass on the scale of life.

‘ One simple virtue all my pride!
The wish that flies to misery’s aid ;
The balm that stops the crimson tide²,
And heals the wound that war has made.’

Their free consent by zephyrs borne,
The flowers their Meadow’s Queen obey;
And fairer blushes crown’d the morn,
And sweeter fragrance fill’d the day.

² The property of that flower.

THE WALLFLOWER.

‘ WHY loves my flower, the sweetest flower
That swells the golden breast of May,
Thrown rudely o’er this ruin’d tower,
To waste her solitary day?

‘ Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
The grove and genial garden call,
Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
Unheeded on the lonely wall?

‘ For never sure was beauty born
To live in death’s deserted shade!
Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
My banks for life and beauty made.’

Thus Pity waked the tender thought,
And by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The Genius of the Ruin spoke.

‘ From thee be far the’ ungentle deed,
The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns their former toil!

‘ Nor deem that flower the garden’s foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade;
’Tis Nature tells her to bestow
Her honours on the lonely dead.

- ‘ For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turret’s mould,
And, undispersed by tempests, there
They rise in vegetable gold.
- ‘ Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desert scenes distinction crave ;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
Truth’s, Honour’s, Valour’s, Beauty’s grave.
- ‘ Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of the’ insulting air ;
The poet’s thought, the warrior’s fire,
The lover’s sighs are sleeping there.
- ‘ When that too shakes the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie !
- ‘ Of them who, wrapp’d in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told ;
For many a tender thought is due,
- ‘ Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
When evening brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o’er the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower ?
- ‘ Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost affection’s lowly cell ;
Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
Forgotten, from his hand they fell.
- ‘ Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign ?
With vain but pious fondness borne
To deck thy Nancy’s honour’d shrine !

- ‘ ’Tis Nature pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.
- ‘ Why, else, the o’ergrown paths of time
Would thus the letter’d sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?
- ‘ Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through Death’s dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long asserted spoil,
And lead Oblivion into day ?
- ‘ ’Tis Nature prompts, by toil or fear
Unmoved, to range through Death’s domain :
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children’s story told again.
- ‘ Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
If haply near these haunts he stray ;
Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
That bloom to cheer his lonely way.’
-

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

’Twas on the border of a stream
A gaily painted Tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey’d her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

- The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells—
- ‘ O lustre of unrival’d bloom!
Fair painting of a hand divine;
Superior far to mortal doom,
The hues of heaven alone are mine!
- ‘ Away, ye worthless, formless race!
Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!
No more my native bed disgrace,
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!
- ‘ Shall the bright daughter of the sun
Associate with the shrubs of earth!
Ye slaves, your sovereign’s presence shun!
Respect her beauties and her birth,
- ‘ And thou, dull, sullen evergreen!
Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
My noonday beauties beam unseen,
Obscured beneath thy dusky shade!’
- ‘ Deluded flower! (the Myrtle cries)
Shall we thy moment’s bloom adore!
The meanest shrub that you despise,
The meanest flower has merit more.
- ‘ That daisy, in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year;
Blush on the snow of winter’s gloom,
And bid the smiling spring appear.
- ‘ The violet, that, those banks beneath,
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

‘ E’en I, who boast no golden shade,
Am of no shining tints possess’d,
When low thy lucid form is laid,
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

‘ And he, whose kind and fostering care
To thee, to me, our beings gave,
Shall near his breast my flowerets wear,
And walk regardless o’er thy grave.

‘ Deluded flower, the friendly screen
That hides thee from the noontide ray,
And mocks thy passion to be seen,
Prolongs thy transitory day.

‘ But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
No more by virtue need be done ;
I now withdraw my dusky shade,
And yield thee to thy darling sun.’

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell ;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclosed ;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm exposed.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And evening came, with dews so cold ;
The wanton beauty ceased to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas ! no more would close :
Relax’d, exhausted, sickening, pale ;
They left her to a parent’s woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

THE BEEFLOWER¹.

COME, let us leave this painted plain ;
This waste of flowers that palls the eye :
The walks of Nature's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owes
Superior charms to Brockman's art,
Where, crown'd with elegant repose,
He cherishes the social heart—

Through those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon pastured mountains rest ;
Come, brother dear ! come, Nature's child !
With all her simple virtues bless'd.

The sun far seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled seas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers
On Beachborough's airy heights shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene ;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

¹ This is a species of the orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, Kent, and Hertfordshire. Nature has formed a bee apparently feeding on the breast of a flower with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose she has observed an economy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genus of the orchis, or satyrion, she seems professedly to have made use of for her paintings, and on the different species has drawn the perfect forms of different insects, such as bees, flies, butterflies, &c.

See, on that floweret's velvet breast
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin wrought plume, his downy breast,
The' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs!

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
Or sees he no intruder near?
And rest in sleep his weary eyes?

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll set the captive free—
I sought the living Bee to find,
And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus Nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her sports we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
The' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That Life's majestic source may be
In idle Fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis Nature's plan
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, she first in man
Inspired the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleased with the pencil's mimic power²;
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

² The well known fables of the Painter and the Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly arose from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated. .

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
 His human feet, his human hands !
 Oft, as his shapely form he tears,
 Aghast the frightened ploughman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
 She seems e'en with herself at strife,
 While fairer from her hand is shown
 The pictured than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
 Still many a shining pebble bear,
 Where oft her studious hand engraves
 The perfect form, and leaves it there.

O long, my Paxton³, boast her art;
 And long her laws of love fulfil:
 To thee she gave her hand and heart,
 To thee, her kindness and her skill !

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

IN yonder green wood blows the Broom ;
 Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,
 Court Nature in her sweetest bloom,
 And steal from care one summer day.

From him¹ whose gay and graceful brow
 Fair-handed Hume with roses binds,
 We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
 Where slow the fairy Fortha winds.

And oh ! that he² whose gentle breast
 In Nature's softest mould was made,
 Who left her smiling works impress'd
 In characters that cannot fade ;

³ An ingenious portrait painter.

¹ William Hamilton of Bangour.

² Thomson.

That he might leave his lowly shrine,
Though softer there the seasons fall—
They come, the sons of verse divine,
They come to Fancy's magic call.

————— 'What airy sounds invite
My steps not unreluctant, from the depth
Of Shene's delightful groves? Reposing there
No more I hear the busy voice of men .
Far toiling o'er the globe—save to the call
Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear
Of death denies attention. Roused by her,
The genius of sepulchral silence opes
His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the spring,
Or swells on summer's breast, or loads the lap
Of autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whose rites
At Nature's shrine with holy care are paid
Daily and nightly, boughs of brightest green,
And every fairest rose, the god of groves,
The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.
Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
Tunefully trifling. Fair philosophy,
And Nature's love, and every moral charm
That leads in sweet captivity the mind
To virtue—ever in thy nearest cares
Be these, and animate thy living page
With truth resistless, beaming from the source
Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boasts
That golden Broom its sunny robe of flowers :
Fair are the sunny flowers ; but, fading soon
And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
To the well loaded Wilding—Shepherd, there
Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
Of all but moral beauty.'

————— ‘Not in vain’—
I hear my Hamilton reply
(The torch of fancy in his eye)
‘Tis not in vain (I hear him say)
That Nature paints her works so gay;
For, fruitless though that fairy Broom,
Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
Cheer’d with that bloom, yon desert wild
Its native horrors lost, and smiled,
And oft we mark her golden ray
Along the dark wood scatter day.
Of moral uses take the strife;
Leave me the elegance of life.
Whatever charms the ear or eye,
All beauty and all harmony;
If sweet sensations these produce,
I know they have their moral use.
I know that Nature’s charms can move
The springs that strike to Virtue’s love.’

THE MISLETOE AND PASSION-FLOWER.

IN this dim cave a druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hollow’d o’er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.
In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit’s holy ashes rest;
The schoolboy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin bless’d.
That truant time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The druid’s magic Mistletoe,
The holy hermit’s Passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deepening groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground,
I hear it still—Dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
The horror rushes on my heart,
Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodized with breath;
But grinding through some scrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of Death.
I hear it still—'Depart (it cries);
No tribute bear to shades unblest'd:
Know, here a bloody druid lies,
Who was not nursed at Nature's breast,
'Associate he with demons dire,
O'er human victims held the knife,
And pleased to see the babe expire,
Smiled grimly o'er its quivering life,
'Behold his crimson-streaming hand
Erect;—his dark, fix'd, murderous eye;'
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.
I see him still!—Dost thou not see
The haggard eyeballs' hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of hair?
What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues the' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?



LANGHORNE.
I see him still — dost thou not see
The haggard eyeballs hollow glare?
Vol. I. Part II.

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What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,

‘ Boy, bear these idle honours hence !

For here a guilty hermit lies,

Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

‘ Though Nature lent him powers to aid

The moral cause, the mutual weal ;

Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,

The desperate suicide of zeal.

‘ Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,

Whose cell’s the sepulchre of time,

Though many a holy hymn he chants,

His life is one continued crime.

‘ And bear them hence, the plant, the flower ;

No symbols those of systems vain !

They have the duties of their hour ;

Some bird, some insect to sustain.’

STUDLEY PARK.

To the Rev. Mr. Farrer.

FARRER ! to thee these early lays I owe :

Thy friendship warms the heart from whence they

Thee, thee I find, in all I find to please ; [flow.

In this thy elegance, in that thy ease.

Come then with Fancy to thy favourite scene,

Where Studley triumphs in her wreaths of green ;

And, pleased for once, while Eden smiles again,

Forget that Life’s inheritance is pain.

Say, shall we muse along yon arching shades,

Whose awful gloom no brightening ray pervades ;

Or down these vales where vernal flowers display

Their golden bosoms to the smiles of day,

Where the fond eye in sweet distraction strays,
Most pleased when most it knows not where to
gaze ?

Here groves arranged in various order rise
And bend their quivering summits in the skies.
The regal Oak high o'er the circling shade,
Exalts the hoary honours of his head.
The spreading Ash a differing green displays,
And the smooth Asp in soothing whispers plays.
The Fir that blooms in Spring's eternal prime,
The spiry Poplar, and the stately Lime.
Here moss-clad walks, there lawns of lively green,
United, form one nicely-varying scene :
The varying scene still charms the attentive sight,
Or brown with shades or opening into light.

Here the gay tenants of the tuneful grove
Harmonious breathe the raptures of their love ;
Each warbler sweet that hails the genial Spring,
Tunes the glad song, and plies the' expanded wing :
The love-suggested notes, in varied strains,
Fly round the vocal hills and listening plains :
The vocal hills and listening plains prolong,
In varied strains, the love-suggested song.
To thee, all-bounteous Nature ! thee they pay
The welcome tribute of their grateful lay !
To thee, whose kindly studious hand prepares
The freshening fields and softly breathing airs ;
Whose parent-bounty annual still provides
Of foodful insects such unbounded tides.
Beneath some friendly leaf supremely bless'd,
Each pours at large the raptures of his breast ;
Nor changeful seasons mourns, nor storms unkind,
With those contented, and to these resign'd.

Here sprightly range the grove, or skim the plain,
The sportive deer, a nicely checker'd train.

Oft near their haunt, on him who curious strays,
All throng'd abreast in fix'd attention gaze ;
The' intruding spy suspiciously survey,
Then butting limp along, and lightly frisk away.

Not so, when raves the pack's approaching roar,
Then Loves endear, then Nature smiles no more :
In wild amaze, all tremblingly dismay'd, [glade.
Burst through the groves, and bound along the
Till now some destined stag, prepared to fly, ;
Fires all the malice of the murdering cry :
Forced from his helpless mates, the fated prey
Bears on the wings of quivering Fear away :
In flight (ah ! could his matchless flight avail !)
Scorns the fierce steed, and leaves the flying gale.
Now trembling stops—and listens from afar
In long, long deepening howls, the maddening war ;
While loud-exulting triumphs thunder round,
Tremble the mountains, and the rocks rebound.
In vain, yet vigorous, he renews his race,
In vain dark mazes oft perplex the chase :
With speed, inspired by grief, he springs again
Through vaulted woods and devious wilds in vain.
The' unraveling pack still, onward pouring, trace
The various mazes of his circling race.
Breathless at last with long repeated toil,
Sickening he stands—he yields—he falls the spoil.

From all the various blooms of painted bowers,
Fair, banky wilds, and valleys fringed with flowers,
Where Nature in profusion smiles delight,
With pleasure sated turns the roving sight.

Come then, bright vision ! child of heavenly day !
From this fair summit ampler scenes survey ;
One spacious field in circling order eye,
And active round the far horizon fly ;

Where dales descend, or ridgy mountains rise,
And lose their aspect in the falling skies.

What pleasing scenes the landscape wide displays!

The' enchanting prospect bids for ever gaze.
Hail, charming fields, of happy swains the care!
Hail, happy swains, possess'd of fields so fair!
In peace your plenteous labours long enjoy;
No murdering wars shall waste, nor foes destroy;
While western gales Earth's teeming womb unbind,
The seasons change, and bounteous suns are kind.
To social towns, see! wealthy Commerce brings
Rejoicing Affluence on his silver wings.
On verdant hills, see! flocks innumerable feed,
Or thoughtful listen to the lively reed.
See! golden harvests sweep the bending plains;
' And Peace and Plenty own a Brunswick reigns.'

The wandering eye, from Nature's wild domain
Attracted, turns to fairer scenes again.

Scenes, which to thee, refining Art! belong,
Invite the poet, and inspire the song.

Sweet, philosophic muse! that lovest to stray
In woody-curtain'd walks and dim seen day,
Lead me, where lonely Contemplation roves,
Through silent shades and solitary groves.

Stop, daring foot! the sacred maid is here!
These awful glooms confess the goddess near.
Low in these woods her favourite scene is laid:
The fence umbrageous, and the darkening shade,
Whose bowery branches bar the vagrant eye,
Assailing storms and parching suns defy.
A gentle current calmly steals serene,
In silvery mazes, o'er the weeping green,
Till opening bright, its bursting waters spread,
And fall fast flashing down a wide cascade.

A spacious lake below expanded lies,
And lends a mirror to the quivering skies.
Here pendent domes, there dancing forests seem
To float and tremble in the waving gleam.
While gaily musing o'er its verdant side,
Pleased I behold the glassy rivulet glide;
Bright in the verdure of the blooming year,
Where circling groves their fullblown honours
Ambrosial daughter of the spicy spring, [wear;
While fragrant woodbine scents each zephyr's
wing;

While nectar-footed Morn, approaching, dyes
In radiant blush the rosy-checker'd skies;
The first fair Eden o'er the' enchanted plain
Reviving, smiles, or seems to smile again.

Hail, blissful scene! divine Elysium, hail!
Ye flowery blooms, eternal sweets exhale:
The bless'd asylum's here, the sacred shore,
Where toils tumultuous tear the breast no more.

From wild Ambition free, from dire Despair,
Appalling Terror, and perplexing Care,
Happy the Man who in these shades can find
That angel bliss, serenity of mind;
Walk the fair green, or in the grotto lie,
With hope-strung breast, and heaven-erected eye!
While cheated worlds, by Pleasure's lure betray'd,
Through rocks and sands pursue the siren maid;
And, long bewilder'd, urge the weary chase,
Though still the phantom slips their vain embrace:
'Tis his with pitying eye to see—to know
Whence purest Joy's perennial fountains flow.
With this exalting charm divinely bless'd,
The dear reflection of a blameless breast:
Where sweet-eyed Love still smiles serenely gay,
And heavenly Virtue beams a brighter ray.

Soft, smoothly pacing slide his peaceful days,
 His own his censure, and his own his praise ;
 Alike to him, both subjects of the grave,
 The sceptred monarch and the menial slave.
 Thrice happy he who Life's poor pains has laid
 In the lone tomb of some sequester'd shade!
 More amply bless'd, if gloriously retired,
 With Learning charm'd, and with the Muses fired ;
 Who nobly dares, with philosophic eye,
 Through full Creation's bounded orbs to fly;
 Pleased, in their well form'd systems, still to find
 The matchless wisdom of the' immortal mind.
 Still charm'd, in Nature's various plan, to trace
 His boundless love and all-supporting grace.

Ye pompous great! whose dream of glory
 springs
 From sounding titles or the smiles of kings :
 Ye, laurel'd in the bleeding wreaths of war !
 And ye, whose hearts are centred in a star !
 Say, all ye sons of power and splendour, say,
 E'er could ye boast one unimbitter'd day ?
 Cease the vain hope in dazzling pomp to find
 Divine Content, to humbler lots assign'd ;
 The modest fair frequents the lowly cell
 Where smiling Peace and conscious Virtue dwell,
 While through the maze of winding bowers I
 stray,
 The shade's dim gloom, or vista's opening day ;
 Soft sighing groves, where silky breezes fill,
 Kiss the smooth plain, and glassy-dimpling rill ;
 In silent vales, by sadly mourning streams,
 Where swift-eyed Fancy wings her waving dreams ;
 What sacred awe the lonely scenes inspire !
 What joys transport me, and what raptures fire !

Visions divine, enchanted, I behold,
And all the Muses all their charms unfold.
Ye woods of Pindus, and Ætolian plains,
No more shall listen to immortal strains :
Flow unconcern'd, no Muse celestial sings,
Ye Thracian fountains, and Aonian springs !
No more your shades shall leave their native shore,
Nor songs arrest your raptured currents more.

And thou, Parnassus, wrapp'd in deep alcoves,
Mourn, in sad silence, thy forsaken groves :
No more thy warblers rival notes admire,
Nor choral zephyrs fill the breathing lyre.
Each drooping laurel bends its languid head ;
The strains are vanish'd, and the Muses fled.

To nobler hills, where fairer forests grow,
To vales, where streams in sweeter accents flow :
To blooming Studley's more delightful shades
Welcome, ye sacred, ye celestial maids !
Wake the soft lute, here strike the sounding string,
Make the groves echo, and the valleys ring ;
Harmonious lead, through rosy smiling bowers,
The soft-eyed Graces and the dancing hours.

In awful scenes retired, where gloomy night
Still broods, unbanish'd by returning light ;
Where Silence, fix'd in Meditation deep,
Folds in her arms her favourite offspring Sleep ;
Musing along the lonely shades I roam
Till beauteous rises a devoted dome ;
Thy fane, seraphic Piety ! low placed
In sable glooms, by deepening woods embraced.
Nor radiant here the Prince of Day displays
His morning blushes, nor meridian blaze :
Rolls o'er the world the splendid orb unseen,
Till his last glories gild the streaming green ;

Then sportive gleams through parting columns
play,

Here waves a shadow, and there smiles a ray.
Just emblem of the man who, free from strife,
The' uneasy pains that vex the noon of life;
Not dazzled with the diamond-beaming zone,
Flash of a lace, or brilliance of a stone,
Courts the last smiles of Life's declining ray,
Where Hope exulting reaps eternal day.

The sacred solitude, the lone recess,
An awful pleasure on my soul impress.
Raptures divine through all my bosom glow,
The bliss alone immortal beings know.
Ah, knew that sovereign bliss no base alloy,
Wert thou, my Farrer! witness to my joy;
What nobler pleasure could we boast below?
What joy sublimer Heaven itself bestow?
Haste, my gay friend! my dear associate, haste!
Life of my soul, and partner of my breast!
Quick to these shades, these magic shades retire:
Here light thy graces, and thy virtue fire:
Here sheds sweet Piety her beams divine,
And all the goddess fills her heavenly shrine.
Celestial maids before her altar move:
White-handed Innocence, and weeping Love.

Her towering domes let Richmond boast alone;
The sculptured statue and the breathing stone:
Alone distinguish'd on the plains of Stowe,
From Jones's hand the featured marble glow:
Though there unnumber'd columns front the skies,
To fancied gods forbidden temples rise;
Unenvied, Studley, be this pomp of art,
'Tis thine the power to please a virtuous heart.

From this loved scene with anxious steps I trace
 Each devious winding of the banky maze ;
 To the tall summit of the steep repair,
 And view the gay surrounding prospect there.
 What joys expand my breast ! what rapture warms !
 While all the landscape opens all its charms :
 While pleased I see, the parting shades between,
 The lake fair gleaming and the smoother green ;
 Through lowly grotts where wandering shadows
 stray,

Groves gently wave, and glistening waters play.

On thee, fair Haekfall ! Fancy bends her eye,
 Longs o'er the cliffs and deepening lawns to fly ;
 Enchanted sees each silvery-floating wave
 Beat thy green banks, thy lonely valleys lave ;
 And now delighted, now she joys to hear [ear.
 Thy deep, slow falls, long labouring through her

All beauteous Nature ! object of my song,
 To thee my first, my latest strains belong :
 To thee my lays I tune, while envious Art
 In rival charms here courts the raptured heart.
 Like thee to please, she decks the painted bower,
 Spreads the smooth lawn, and rears the velvet
 flower :

With winding arbours crowns the silvan dale,
 And bends the forest o'er the lowly vale :
 Bids the loud cataract deep-thundering roar,
 Or winds the rivulet round a mazy shore.
 Ambitious still, like thee, when she beguiles,
 Wins with thy grace, and in thy beauty smiles.

In this gay dome ¹ where sportive Fancy plays,
 And imaged life the pictured roof arrays ;

¹ Upon an eminence, east of the gardens, stands a house of Chinese structure.

Proud in thy charms the mimic shines confess'd,
Beams the soft eye, and heaves the panting breast.

From thee, prime source! kind-handed goddess!
The purest blessings that we boast below: [flow
To thee its beauty owes this charming scene,
These groves their fragrance, and those plains their
green:

For thee the Muses wreaths eternal twine,
Immortal maid! for every Muse is thine.

Oh, wouldst thou lead me through the boundless
Regions untravel'd by a mortal eye; [sky!
Or kindly aid, while studious I explore
Those arduous paths thy Newton trod before!
There wondering should my ravish'd eye survey
New worlds of being, and new scenes of day.
But, if for my weak wing and trembling sight,
Too vast the journey, and too full the light;
Inglorious here I'll tune the lowly reed,
How rolls the fountain, and how springs the mead.

Or, bear me to the banks, ye sacred Nine!
Of beauteous Isis, or the silver Tine.
To Tine's delightful banks, where, ever gay,
The generous F—— lives the peaceful day:
F——, still free from passion's fretful train,
Ne'er felt the thorn of anguish nor of pain:
His heartfelt joys still Nature's charms improve,
Her voice is music, and her visage love: [brings,
Pleased with the change each various season
Imbrowning autumns, and impurpled springs:
For him kind Nature all her treasures yields,
She decks the forest, and she paints the fields.

O say! where bloom those time-surviving groves
Where ancient bards first sung their sacred loves:
Those sadly solemn bowers, ye Muses! say,
Where once the melancholy Cowley lay?

When long perplex'd with Life's deluding snares,
 Her flattering pleasures, and her fruitless cares;
 Obscure he fled to silvan shades alone,
 And left mankind, to be for ever known. [tired,

Such were the scenes where Spenser once re-
 When great Eliza's fame the Muse inspired;
 When Gloriana led her poet's dreams
 O'er flowery meadows, and by murmuring streams.

Immortal bards! whose death-contemning lays
 Shall shine, distinguish'd with eternal praise.
 Knew my poor Muse like these to soar sublime,
 And spurn the ruins of insulting Time,
 Where'er I stray, where blooming Flora leads,
 O'er sunny mountains, and through purple meads;
 Or careless in the silvan covert laid,
 Where falling rills amuse the mournful shade;
 Ye, rural fields, should still reasound my lay,
 And thou, fair Studley! smile for ever gay.

GENIUS AND VALOUR.

A Pastoral Poem:

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF A SISTER KINGDOM,
 1763.

AMYNTOR, CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

WHERE Tweed's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
 And Flora laughs beneath a lucid sky;
 Long winding vales where crystal waters lave,
 Where blithe birds warble, and where green woods
 wave,
 A bright-hair'd shepherd, in young beauty's bloom,
 Tuned his sweet pipe behind the yellow broom.

Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,
 And his blue eyes diffused an azure day.
 Light o'er his limbs a careless robe he flung;
 Health raised his heart, and strength his firm nerves
 strung.

His native plains poetic charms inspired,
 Wild scenes, where ancient Fancy oft retired;
 Oft led her fairies to the shepherd's lay,
 By Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

Nor only his those images that rise
 Fair to the glance of Fancy's plastic eyes;
 His country's love his patriot soul possess'd,
 His country's honour fired his filial breast.
 Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,
 Her valour witness'd by the world of old,
 Witness'd once more by recent heaps of slain
 On Canada's wild hills, and Minden's plain,
 To sounds sublimer waked his pastoral reed—
 Peace, mountain echoes! while the strains pro-
 ceed.

AMYNTOR.

No more of Tiviot, nor the flowery braes,
 Where the blithe shepherd tunes his lightsome lays;
 No more of Leader's fairy-haunted shore,
 Of Athol's lawns, and Gledswood-banks no more.
 Unheeded smile my country's native charms,
 Lost in the glory of her arts and arms.
 These, Shepherds, these demand sublimer strains
 Than Clyde's clear fountains, or than Athol's
 plains.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
 The force divine of soul-commanding song.

These humble reeds have little learn'd to play,
 Save the light airs that cheer the pastoral day.
 Of the clear fountain, and the fruitful plain
 We sing, as Fancy guides the simple strain.
 If then thy country's sacred fame demand
 The high-toned music of a happier hand—
 Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
 The force divine of soul-commanding song.

AMYNTOR.

In spite of faction's blind, unmanner'd rage,
 Of various fortune and destructive age,
 Fair Scotland's honours yet unchanged are seen,
 Her palms still blooming, and her laurels green.

Freed from the confines of her gothic grave,
 When her first light reviving Science gave,
 Alike o'er Britain shone the liberal ray,
 From Enswith's¹ mountains to the banks of Tay.

For James² the Muses tuned their sportive lays,
 And bound the monarch's brow with Chaucer's
 bays :

Arch Humour smiled to hear his mimic strain,
 And plausive Laughter thrill'd through every vein.

When Taste and Genius form the royal mind,
 The favour'd arts a happier era find.

By James beloved the Muses tuned their lyres
 To nobler strains, and breathed diviner fires.

But the dark mantle of involving Time
 Has veil'd their beauties, and obscured their rhyme.

Yet still some pleasing monuments remain,
 Some marks of genius in each later reign.

¹ A chain of mountains near Folkestone, in Kent.

² James the First, King of Scotland, author of the famous old poem, entitled 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.'

In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
 And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose³.
 O! while his course the hoary warrior steers
 Through the long range of life-dissolving years,
 Through all the evils of each changeful age,
 Hate, Envy, Faction, Jealousy, and Rage,
 Ne'er may his scythe these sacred plants divide,
 These plants by Heaven in native union tied!
 Still may the flower its social sweets disclose,
 The hardy Thistle still defend the Rose!

Hail, happy days! appeased by Margaret's
 charms,

When rival Valour sheath'd his fatal arms;
 When kindred realms unnatural war suppress'd,
 Nor aim'd their arrows at a sister's breast.

Kind to the Muse is Quiet's genial day;
 Her olive loves the foliage of the bay.

With bold Dunbar arose a numerous choir
 Of rival bards, that strung the Dorian lyre.
 In gentle Henryson's⁴ unlabour'd strain
 Sweet Arethusa's shepherd breathed again.
 Nor shall your tuneful visions be forgot,
 Sage Bellenden⁵, and fancy-painting Scot⁶.
 But, O my country! how shall Memory trace
 Thy bleeding anguish, and thy dire disgrace?

³ A poem so called, written in honour of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. on her marriage to James IV. King of Scots: by William Dunbar.

⁴ Robert Henryson, an ingenious pastoral poet.

⁵ Dr. John Bellenden, archdeacon of Murray, author of a beautiful allegorical poem, entitled 'Virtue and Vice.'

⁶ Archibald Scot (as Langhorne supposed) translated the Vision from a Latin poem, said to have been written in the year 1300: and was author of the Eagle and the Redbreast. The above poems have since been ascribed to Allan Ramsay.

Weep o'er the ruins of thy blasted bays,
 Thy glories lost in either Charles's days?
 When through thy fields destructive Rapine
 spread,
 Nor sparing infant's tears, nor hoary head.
 In those dread days the unprotected swain
 Mourn'd on the mountains o'er his wasted plain;
 Nor longer vocal with the shepherd's lay
 Were Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Amyntor, cease! the painful scene forbear,
 Nor the fond breast of filial duty tear.
 Yet in our eyes our fathers' sorrows flow,
 Yet in our bosoms lives their lasting woe.
 At eve returning from their scanty fold,
 When the long sufferings of their sires they told,
 Oft we have sigh'd the piteous tale to hear,
 And infant wonder dropp'd the mimic tear,

AMYNTOR.

Shepherds, no longer need your sorrows flow,
 Nor pious duty cherish endless woe.
 Yet should remembrance, led by filial love,
 Through the dark vale of old afflictions rove,
 The mournful shades of sorrows past explore,
 And think of miseries that are no more;
 Let those sad scenes that ask the duteous tear,
 The kind return of happier days endear.

Hail, Anna, hail! O may each Muse divine
 With wreaths eternal grace thy holy shrine!
 Graved on thy tomb this sacred verse remain,
 This verse more sweet than Conquest's sounding
 strain :

' She bade the rage of hostile nations cease,
The glorious arbitress of Europe's peace.'
She, through whose bosom roll'd the vital tide
Of Britain's monarchs in one stream allied,
Closed the long jealousies of different sway,
And saw united Sister-Realms obey.

Auspicious days! when Tyranny no more
Raised his red arm, nor drench'd his darts in gore.
When, long an exile from his native plain,
Safe to his fold return'd the weary swain;
Return'd, and, many a painful summer pass'd,
Beheld the green bench by his door at last.

Auspicious days! when Scots, no more oppress'd,
On their free mountains bared the fearless breast;
With pleasure saw their flocks unbounded feed,
And tuned to strains of ancient joy the reed.

Then, Shepherds, did your wondering sires
behold

A form divine, whose vesture flamed with gold;
His radiant eyes a starry lustre shed,
And solar glories beam'd around his head:
Like that strange power by fabling poets feign'd,
From east to west his mighty arms he strain'd;
A rooted olive in one hand he bore,
In one a globe, inscribed with sea and shore:
From Thames's banks to Tweed, to Tay he came,
Wealth in his rear, and Commerce was his name.

Glad Industry the glorious stranger hails,
Rears the tall masts, and spreads the swelling sails;
Regions remote with active hope explores,
Wild Zembla's hills, and Afric's burning shores.

But chief, Columbus, of thy various coast,
Child of the Union, Commerce bears his boast.

To seek the newfound worlds, the venturous swain,
His lass forsaking, left the lowland plain :
Aside his crook, his idle pipe, he threw,
And bade to Music and to Love adieu !

Hence, Glasgow fair, thy wealth-diffusing hand,
Thy groves of vessels, and thy crowded strand.
Hence, round his folds the moorland shepherd spies
New social towns, and happy hamlets rise.

But me not splendour nor the hopes of gain
Should ever tempt to quit the peaceful plain.
Shall I, possess'd of all that life requires,
With tutor'd hopes and limited desires,
Change these sweet fields, these native scenes of
For climes uncertain, and uncertain seas ? [ease,

Nor yet, fair Commerce, do I thee disdain,
Though Guilt and Death and Riot swell thy train.
Cheer'd by the influence of thy gladdening ray,
The liberal arts sublimer works essay.

Genius for thee relumes his sacred fires,
And Science nearer to her heaven aspires.

The sanguine eye of Tyranny long closed,
By Commerce foster'd, and in Peace reposed,
No more her miseries when my country mourn'd,
With brighter flames her glowing genius burn'd.
Soon wandering fearless many a Muse was seen
O'er the dun mountain, and the wild wood green.
Soon, to the warblings of the pastoral reed,
Started sweet Echo from the shores of Tweed.

O favour'd stream ! where thy fair current flows,
The child of Nature, gentle Thomson, rose !
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery side,
With simple joy to see thy bright waves glide,
Thither, in all thy native charms array'd,
From climes remote the sister Seasons stray'd.

Long each in beauty boasted to excel
(For jealousies in sister-bosoms dwell),
But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
Like Heaven's fair rivals in the groves of Troy,
Yield to an humble swain their high debate,
And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.

Her naked charms, like Venus, to disclose,
Spring from her bosom threw the shadowing rose;
Bared the pure snow that feeds the lover's fire,
The breast that thrills with exquisite desire;
Assumed the tender smile, the melting eye,
The breath favonian, and the yielding sigh.
One beauteous hand a wilding's blossom graced,
And one fell careless o'er her zoneless waist.

Majestic Summer, in gay pride adorn'd,
Her rival sister's simple beauty scorn'd.
With purple wreaths her lofty brows were bound,
With glowing flowers her rising bosom crown'd:
In her gay zone, by artful Fancy framed,
The bright rose blush'd, the full carnation flamed;
Her cheeks the glow of splendid clouds display,
And her eyes flash insufferable day.

With milder air the gentle Autumn came,
But seem'd to languish at her sister's flame.
Yet, conscious of her boundless wealth, she bore
On high the emblems of her golden store.
Yet could she boast the plenty-pouring hand,
The liberal smile, benevolent and bland.
Nor might she fear in beauty to excel,
From whose fair head such golden tresses fell;
Nor might she envy Summer's flowery zone,
In whose sweet eye the star of evening shone.

Next, the pale power, that blots the golden sky,
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her stormy
eye;

‘ Behold (she cried, with voice that shook the ground—

The Bard, the Sisters, trembled at the sound),
Ye weak admirers of a grape, or rose,
Behold my wild magnificence of snows !
See my keen frost her glassy bosom bare !
Mock the faint sun, and bind the fluid air !
Nature to you may lend a painted hour,
With you may sport, when I suspend my power :
But you and Nature, who that power obey,
Shall own my beauty, or shall dread my sway.’
She spoke : the Bard, whose gentle heart ne’er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save,
No favour’d nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.

Mute lies his lyre in Death’s uncheerful gloom,
And Truth and Genius weep at Thomson’s tomb.
Yet still the Muse’s living sounds pervade
Her ancient scenes of Caledonian shade.
Still Nature listens to the tuneful lay,
On Kilda’s mountains and in Endermay.

The’ ethereal brilliance of poetic fire,
The mighty hand that smites the sounding lyre,
Strains that on Fancy’s strongest pinion rise,
Conceptions vast, and thoughts that grasp the
 skies,

To the rapp’d youth that mused on Shakspeare’s⁷
To Ogilvie the muse of Pindar gave. [grave,
Time⁸, as he sung, a moment ceased to fly,
And lazy Sleep⁹ unfolded half his eye.

O wake, sweet bard, the Theban lyre again ;
With ancient valour swell the sounding strain ;

⁷ See Mr. Ogilvie’s Ode to the Genius of Shakspeare.

⁸ Ode to Time. *Ibid.* ⁹ Ode to Sleep. *Ibid.*

Hail the high trophies by thy country won,
The wreaths that flourish for each valiant son.

While Hardyknute frowns red with Norway's
gore,

Paint her pale matrons weeping on the shore.
Hark! the green clarion pouring floods of breath
Voluminously loud; high scorn of death
Each gallant spirit elates; see Rothsay's thane
With arm of mountain oak his firm bow strain!
Hark! the string twangs—the whizzing arrow flies:
The fierce Norse falls—indignant falls—and dies.
O'er the dear urn, where glorious Wallace¹⁰ sleeps,
True Valour bleeds, and patriot Virtue weeps.
Son of the lyre! what high ennobling strain,
What meed from thee shall generous Wallace gain?
Who greatly scorning an Usurper's pride,
Bared his brave breast for liberty, and died.

Boast, Scotland, boast thy sons of mighty name,
Thine ancient chiefs of high heroic fame,
Souls that to death their country's foes opposed,
And life in freedom, glorious freedom closed.
Where, yet bewail'd, Argyle's warm ashes lie,
Let music breathe her most persuasive sigh:
To him, what Heaven to man could give, it gave,
Wise, generous, honest, eloquent, and brave.
Genius and Valour for Argyle shall mourn,
And his own laurels flourish round his urn.
O, may they bloom beneath a favouring sky,
And in their shade Reproach and Envy die!

¹⁰ William Wallace, who, after bravely defending his country against the arms of Edward I. was executed as a rebel, though he had taken no oath of allegiance.

THE
ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE I.

To General Craufurd.

WRITTEN AT BELVIDERE, IN KENT. 1763.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wish embraces humankind?
All pride of sects, all party zeal above,
Whose Priest is Reason, and whose God is Love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art—
Where is the man, so welcome to my heart?

The sightless herd sequacious, who pursue
Dull Folly's path, and do as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and scorn
On different sects, in different nations born,
Let us, my Craufurd, with compassion view,
Pity their pride, but shun their error too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains
green,

Which Nature raised, rejoicing to be seen,
Let us, while raptured on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praise,
The' expanded thought, the boundless wish retain,
And let not Nature moralize in vain.

O sacred guide! preceptress more sublime
Than sages boasting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (blush collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.

Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whose old walk the sunbeam seldom falls,
Who knows of nature and of man no more
Than fills some page of antiquated lore—
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wise,
The better knowledge of the world despise,
Think Wisdom centred in a false degree,
And scorn the scholar of Humanity? [know,

Something of men these sapient drones may
Of men that lived two thousand years ago.
Such human monsters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verse, and ancient story drew!

If to one object, system, scene, confined,
The sure effect is narrowness of mind.

'Twas thus Saint Robert, in his lonely wood,
Forsook each social duty—to be good.
Thus Hobbes on one dear system fix'd his eyes,
And proved his nature wretched—to be wise.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beside.

Though form'd with powers to grasp this va-
rious ball,
Gods! to what meanness may the spirit fall!
Powers that should spread in Reason's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!

When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple side,
Thy genius, Craufurd, Britain's legions led,
And Fear's chill cloud forsook each brightening
head,

By nature brave and generous as thou art,
Say, did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breast indignant, when you saw
The dome of murder consecrate by law?

Where fiends, commission'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.

O, change me, powers of Nature! if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all humankind forgives,
While Gillman loves me, and while Craufurd lives.
Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame
That half her offspring are their mother's shame?
Did she ordain o'er this fair scene of things
The cruelty of priests or pride of kings?
Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or
Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame? [fame,

O that the world were emptied of its slaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, Craufurd, with delight embrace,
In boundless love, the rest of human race.
But let not knaves misanthropy create,
Nor feed the gall of universal hate:
Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,
Polish'd in courts, or simple in a cell,
All views of country, sects, and creeds apart,
These, these I love, and hold them to my heart.

Vain of our beauteous isle, and justly vain,
For Freedom here, and Health, and Plenty reign;
We different lots contemptuously compare,
And boast, like children, of a favourite's share.

Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields
Than Arno's banks, or Andalusia's fields, [ore,
Though many a tree-crown'd mountain teems with
Though flocks innumerable whiten every shore,
Why should we, thus with Nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works—on every page you'll find
Inscribed the doctrine of the social mind.

See countless worlds of insect being share
The' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the same grove what music void of strife!
Heirs of one stream, what tribes of scaly life!
See earth, and air, and fire, and flood combine
Of general good to aid the great design!

Where Ancon drags o'er Lincoln's lurid plain,
Like a slow snake, his dirty winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the lost bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious skies,
The blameless native with his clime despise,
As him who still the poorer lot partakes
Of Biscay's mountains, or Batavia's lakes.

Yet look once more on Nature's various plan!
Behold, and love her noblest creature, man!
She, never partial, on each various zone
Bestow'd some portion, to the rest unknown,
By mutual interest meaning thence to bind
In one vast chain the commerce of mankind,
Behold, ye vain disturbers of an hour!
Ye dupes of Faction! and ye tools of Power!
Poor rioters on Life's contracted stage!
Behold, and lose your littleness of rage!
Throw Envy, Folly, Prejudice behind!
And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.

Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant shrine,
Where light created first essay'd to shine;
Where clustering stars eternal beams display,
And gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chase this moral, clear this sensual night,
O shed one ray of thy celestial light!
Teach us, while wandering through this vale below
We know but little, that we little know,

One beam to mole-eyed Prejudice convey,
Let Pride perceive one mortifying ray.
Thy glass to fools, to infidels, apply,
And all the dimness of the mental eye. [bourn,
Placed on this shore of Time's far stretching
With leave to look at Nature and return;
While wave on wave impels the human tide,
And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;
Can life's short duties better be discharged,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarged?

Judged not the old philosopher aright,
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?
'It matters not, my friends, how low or high
Your little walk of transient life may lie;
Soon will the reign of Hope and Fear be o'er,
And warring passions militate no more:
And trust me, he who, having once survey'd
The good and fair which Nature's wisdom made,
The soonest to his former state retires,
And feels the peace of satisfied desires,
(Let others deem more wisely if they can)
I look on him to be the happiest man.'

So thought the sacred sage, in whom I trust,
Because I feel his sentiments are just.
'Twas not in lustrums of long counted years
That swell'd the' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,
That Wisdom placed the dignity of life:
To study Nature was the task design'd,
And learn from her the' enlargement of the mind.
Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,
And sleep in death with satisfied desires.

EPISTLE II.

To William Langhorne, M. A.

1765.

LIGHT heard His voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.

At Nature's birth, O! had the Power Divine
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,
Beam'd on the mind all Reason's influence bright,
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free soul, on Truth's strong pinion borne,
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?
For what Heaven gave let us the donor bless,
Nor than their merits rank our mercies less.
'Tis ours to cherish what Heaven deign'd to give,
And, thankful for the gift of being, live.

Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Though distant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care,

Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the
Allied more nearly in each nobler part, [same,
And more the friend than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,

View Reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each science that exalts the mind.

'Thou self-appointed Lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little dost thou know!
For once let Fancy's towering thoughts subside;
Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,
In strength exulting, does he bound away!
By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear.
Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reason and compare,
See here the vassal, and the master there,
What strange reflections must the scene afford,
'That show'd the weakness of his puling lord!'

Thus Sophistry unfolds her specious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His powers and merits from his infant state.
For grant the children of the flowery vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison's no more. [dain'd,

'But why should life, so short by Heaven or—
Be long to thoughtless infancy restrain'd—
To thoughtless infancy, or, vainly sage,
Mourn through the languors of declining age?

O blind to truth! to Nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heaven design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
All life that vegetates, and life that moves;

In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays. [hour,

Is Man long helpless?—Through each tender
See love parental watch the blooming flower!
By opening charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding, see that love repaid!
Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temperate wear insensibly away.
While sage experience and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.

But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That Man was destined for society;
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanish, or afflict him old.

‘That, in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays—
Is Nature's law—to forms alone confined,
The laws of matter act not on the Mind.
Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And Reason brings her borrow'd light too slow.’

O! still censorious? Art thou then possess'd
Of Reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy power despise?
Or mourn, with ill match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?

To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;
And slight, sad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?

Conclude we then the progress of the mind
Ordain'd by Wisdom infinitely kind:

No innate knowledge on the soul impress'd,
No birthright instinct acting in the breast,
No natal light, no beams from Heaven display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's de-
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free, [cree;
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.

When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their different powers and properties unknown.
See the pleased infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand;
The crystal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade?
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its way;
When wise Experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in the cause;
In Nature's rude but not unfruitful wild
Reflection springs, and Reason is her child:
On her fair stock the blooming scion grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.

All beauteous flower! immortal shalt thou shine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread and flourish in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should Wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the ripening mind revise!
And blast the buds of Folly as they rise!

How should her hand with industry restrain
The thriving growth of Passion's fruitful train,
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tower
With fatal shade o'er Reason's tender flower.

From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by avarice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair Science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
The liberal Power in no sequester'd cells,
No moonshine courts of dreaming schoolmen
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands, [dwells;
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;
All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boast the empire of the eye or ear.

See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne,
By the rapt mien of musing Silence known,
Fled from herself, the Power of Numbers placed,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.

There (but at distance never meant to vie)
The full form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! On her various face
Quick gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, she acts the character she gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.

See attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,
See Music, listening to an angel's lyre.

Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, dress'd
By Nature, bears a field flower on her breast.

O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
The springs of truth, enlarging truth, and love!
Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.

Thus Nature deigns to sympathize with Art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
Which wakes the soul, and bids her graces rise;
Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind;
Glow'd in that warmth that social kindness gave,
Which once—the rest is silence and the grave!

O tears, that warm from wounded Friendship
flow!

O thoughts, that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Memory, that speeds its passage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confess'd I see my Craufurd stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand.
E'en Death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,
That liberal aspect, and that smile humane;
E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlasting night.
Till the last sigh of Genius shall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire;
Till Time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath;
My Craufurd still shall claim the mournful song,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.

PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS'.

**FRIEND, sister, partner of that gentle heart
Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part;
While love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,
And Time puts on the yellow robe of joy;
Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear
The moral Muse, nor deem her song severe?**

**Through the long course of Life's unclouded day,
Where sweet contentment smiles on Virtue's way;
Where Fancy opes her ever varying views,
And Hope strews flowers, and leads you as she
 strews :**

May each fair pleasure court thy favour'd breast,
By truth protected, and by love caress'd!

So Friendship vows, nor shall her vows be vain ;
For every pleasure comes in Virtue's train ;
Each charm that tender sympathies impart,
The glow of soul, the transports of the heart,
Sweet meanings, that in silent truth convey
Mind into mind, and steal the soul away ;
These gifts, O Virtue, these are all thy own ;
Lost to the vicious, to the vain unknown ; [these,
Yet bless'd with these, and happier charms than
By Nature form'd, by genius taught to please,
E'en you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
Must yield your human sacrifice to pain ;
The wizard Care shall dim those brilliant eyes,
Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters rise.

¹ Addressed to the author's sister-in-law, on her marriage, in 1768.

With mind unbroke that darker hour to bear,
Nor, once his captive, drag the chains of Care,
Hope's radiant sunshine o'er the scene to pour,
Nor future joys in present ills devour;
These arts your philosophic friend may show,
Too well experienced in the school of woe.

In some sad hour, by transient grief oppress'd,
Ah! let not vain reflection wound your breast;
For Memory, then, to happier objects blind,
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
Life's varied sorrows studious to explore,
Turns the sad volume of its sufferings o'er.

Still to the distant prospect stretch your eye,
Pass the dim cloud, and view the brightening sky;
On Hope's kind wing, more genial climes survey,
Let Fancy join, but Reason guide your way,
For Fancy, still to tender woes inclined,
May sooth the heart, but misdirects the mind.

The source of half our anguish, half our tears,
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;
Like ill train'd children, still their treatment such,
Restrain'd too rashly, or indulged too much.
Hence Hope, projecting more than life can give,
Would live with angels, or refuse to live; [part,
Hence spleen-eyed Fear, o'eracting Caution's
Betrays those succours Reason lends the heart.

Yet these, submitted to fair Truth's control,
These tyrants are the servants of the soul;
Through vales of peace the dovelike Hope shall
And bear at eve her olive branch away, [stray,
In every scene some distant charm descry,
And hold it forward to the brightening eye;
While watchful Fear, if Fortitude maintain
Her trembling steps, shall ward the distant pain.

Should erring Nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose :
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.

Soon, with their objects, other woes are pass'd,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from Reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die. [ray,

Love, like the flower that courts the Sun's kind
Will flourish only in the smiles of day ;

Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire Contempt destroys.
O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost ;
By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear
The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

If heartfelt quiet, thoughts unmix'd with pain,
While peace weaves flowers o'er Hymen's golden
If tranquil days, if hours of smiling ease, [chain,
The sense of pleasure, and the power to please,
If charms like these deserve your serious care,
Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware !
Like Hecla's mountain, while his heart's in flame,
His aspect's cold, and Jealousy's his name.
His hideous birth his wild disorders prove,
Begot by Hatred on despairing Love !
Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
And the fell sire with angry curses tore
His sable hair—Distrust beholding smiled,
And loved her image in her future child.
With cruel care, industrious to impart
Each painful sense, each soul-tormenting art,
To Doubt's dim shrine her hapless charge she led,
Where never sleep relieved the burning head,

Where never grateful fancy sooth'd suspense,
Or the sweet charm of easy confidence.
Hence fears eternal, ever restless care,
And all the dire associates of despair.
Hence all the woes he found that peace destroy,
And dash with pain the sparkling stream of joy.

When love's warm breast, from rapture's trembling height,
Falls to the temperate measures of delight;
When calm delight to easy friendship turns,
Grieve not that Hymen's torch more gently burns.
Unerring Nature, in each purpose kind,
Forbids long transports to usurp the mind;
For, oft dissolved in joy's oppressive ray,
Soon would the finer faculties decay.

True tender love one even tenor keeps;
'Tis reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps,
The charm connubial, like a stream that glides
Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides;
With many a plant along its genial side,
With many a flower that blows in beauteous pride,
With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest
Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast;
Pure in its source, and temperate in its way,
Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.

O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe!
That magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaken tear!

Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven im-
The soft endearments of the social heart! [part
Long to your lot may every blessing flow,
That sense, or taste, or virtue can bestow!
And oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
To teach that prudence which itself admires.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

WARM from his heart while flows the faithful
line,

The meanest friend of beauty shall be mine:
What Love, or Fame, or Fortune could bestow,
The charm of praise, the ease of life, I owe
To Beauty present, or to Beauty fled,
To Hertford living, or Caernarvon dead,
To Tweeddale's taste, to Edgumbe's sense serene,
And (Envy, spare this boast) to Britain's Queen!
Kind to the lay that all unlabour'd flow'd,
What Fancy caught, where Nature's pencil
glow'd¹;

She saw the path to new though humble fame,
Gave me her praise, and left me fools to blame.

Strong in their weakness are each woman's
charms,

Dread that endears, and softness that disarms:
The timorous eye retiring from applause,
And the mild air that fearfully withdraws,
Marks of her power these humble graces prove,
And, dash'd with pride, we deeper drink of Love.

Chief of those charms that hold the heart in
At thy fair shrine, O Modesty, we fall. [thrall,
Not Cynthia rising o'er the watery way,
When on the dim wave falls her friendly ray;
Not the pure ether of Æolian skies,
That drinks the day's first glories as they rise;
Not all the tints from evening clouds that break,
Burn in the beauties of the virgin's cheek;

¹ The Fables of Flora.

When o'er that cheek, undisciplined by art,
The sweet suffusion rushes from the heart.

Yet the soft blush untutor'd to control,
The glow that speaks the susceptible soul,
Led by nice honour, and by decent pride,
The voice of ancient virtue taught to hide;
Taught beauty's bloom the searching eye to shun,
As early flowers blow fearful of the sun.

Far as the long records of time we trace,²
Still flow'd the Veil o'er modesty's fair face:
The guard of beauty, in whose friendly shade,
Safe from each eye the featured soul is laid,—
The pensive thought that paler looks betray,
The tender grief that steals in tears away,
The hopeless wish that prompts the frequent sigh,
Bleeds in the blush, or melts upon the eye.

The man of faith through Gerar doom'd to stray,
A nation waiting his eventful way,
His fortune's fair companion at his side,
The world his promise, Providence his guide;
Once, more than virtue dared to value life;
And call'd a sister whom he own'd a wife:
Mistaken father of the faithful race,
Thy fears alone could purchase thy disgrace.
' Go (to the fair, when conscious of the tale,
Said Gerar's Prince), thy husband is thy veil³.'

² Plato mentions two provinces in Persia, one of which was called the Queen's Girdle, the other the Queen's Veil, the revenues of which, no doubt, were employed in purchasing those parts of her Majesty's dress. It was about the middle of the third century that the eastern women, on taking the vow of virginity, assumed that veil which had before been worn by the Pagan priestesses, and which is used by the religious among the Romanists now.

³ He is the vail of thine eyes to all that are with thee, and to all others.—*Gen. xx. 16. Vet. Trans.*

O ancient faith! O virtue mourn'd in vain!
 When Hymen's altar never held a stain;
 When his pure torch shed undiminish'd rays,
 And fires unholy died beneath the blaze!
 For faith like this fair Greece was early known,
 And claim'd the Veil's first honours as her own.

Ere half her sons, o'er Asia's trembling coast,
 Arm'd to revenge one woman's virtue lost;
 Ere he, whom Circe sought to charm in vain!
 Follow'd wild fortune o'er the various main,
 In youth's gay bloom he plied the' exulting oar,
 From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore:
 Free to Nerician gales⁴ the vessel glides,
 And wild Eurotas⁵ smooths his warrior tides;
 For amorous Greece, when Love conducts the way,
 Beholds her waters, and her winds obey.
 No object hers but Love's impression knows,
 No wave that wanders, and no breeze that blows,
 Her groves⁶, her mountains have his power confess'd,

And Zephyr sigh'd not but for Flora's breast.
 'Twas when his sighs in sweetest whispers stray'd,
 Far o'er Laconia's plains from Eva's⁷ shade;
 When soft eyed Spring resumed his mantle gay,
 And lean'd luxurious on the breast of May,
 Love's genial banners young Ulysses bore,
 From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore.

With all that soothes the heart, that wins, or
 warms,
 All princely virtues, and all manly charms,

⁴ From the mountain Neritos in Ithaca, now called Nericia.

⁵ The Spartan river.

⁶ E merite d'Alberghie amore.—*Tasso*.

⁷ A mountain in Peloponnesus.

All Love can urge, or Eloquence persuade,
The future hero woo'd his Spartan maid.
Yet long he woo'd—in Sparta slow to yield,
Beauty, like valour, long maintain'd the field:—

' No bloom so fair Messene's banks disclose,
No breath so pure o'er Tempe's bosom blows;
No smile so radiant throws the genial ray
Through the fair eyelids of the opening day;
But deaf to vows with fondest passion press'd,
Cold as the wave of Hebrus' wintry breast,
Penelope regards no lover's pain,
And owns Ulysses eloquent in vain. [air,

' To vows that vainly waste their warmth in
Insidious hopes that lead but to despair;
Affections lost, desires the heart must rue,
And Love, and Sparta's joyless plains, adieu!

' Yet still this bosom shall one passion share,
Still shall my country find a father there.
E'en now the children of my little reign
Demand that father of the faithless main;
E'en now, their prince solicitous to save,
Climb the tall cliff, and watch the changeful wave.

' But not for him their hopes, or fears alone!
They seek the promised partner of his throne;
For her their incense breathes, their altars blaze,
For her to Heaven the suppliant eye they raise.
Ah! shall they know their prince implored in vain?
Can my heart live beneath a nation's pain?

There spoke the virtue that her soul admired,
The Spartan soul, with patriot ardour fired.

' Enough! (she cried)—Be mine to boast a part
In him, who holds his country to his heart:
Worth, honour, faith, that fair affection gives,
And with that virtue every virtue lives^a.

^a Omnes omnium caritates, &c.—Cic.

Pleased that the nobler principles could move
His daughter's heart, and soften it to love,
Icarius own'd the auspices divine,
Wove the fair crown⁹, and bless'd the holy shrine.

But ah! the dreaded parting hour to brave!
Then strong affection grieved for what it gave.
Should he the comfort of his life's decline,
His life's last charm to Ithaca resign?
Or, wandering with her to a distant shore,
Behold Eurota's long-loved banks no more?
Expose his gray hairs to an alien sky,
Nor on his country's parent bosom die¹⁰? [plain
'No, Prince (he cried), for Sparta's happier
Leave the loved honours of thy little reign.
The grateful change shall equal honours bring,
—Lord of himself, a Spartan is a King.'

When thus the Prince, with obvious grief oppress'd,
'Canst thou not force the father from thy breast?
Not without pain behold one child depart,
Yet bid me tear a nation from my heart?

⁹ The women of ancient Greece, at the marriage ceremony, wore garlands of flowers, probably as emblems of purity, fertility, and beauty. Thus Euripides,

— αλλ' ὅμως
Σοὶ καταστέφαν' ἑγώνιν ἦγον, ὡς γαμουμένην.

Iph. in Aul.

The modern Greek ladies wear these garlands in various forms whenever they appear dressed; and frequently adorn themselves thus for their own amusement, and when they do not expect to be seen by any but their domestics.

Voyage Littéraire de la Grèce.

¹⁰ The ancients esteemed this one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall them. The Trojans thought it the most lamentable circumstance attending the loss of their pilot Palinurus, that his body should lie in a foreign country.

— Ignota, Palinure, jac bis arena.

Virgil.

—Not for all Sparta's, all Eubœa's plains'—
He said, and to his coursers gave the reins.

Still the fond sire pursues with suppliant voice,
Till, moved, the Monarch yields her to her choice.
' Though mine by vows, by fair affection mine,
And holy truth, and auspices divine;
This suit let fair Penelope decide,
Remain the daughter, or proceed the bride.'

O'er the quick blush her friendly mantle fell,
And told him all that modesty could tell.
No longer now the father's fondness strove
With patriot virtue or acknowledged love;
But on the scene that parting sighs endear'd,
Fair Modesty's " first honour'd fane he rear'd.

The daughter's form the pictured goddess wore,
The daughter's veil " before her blushes bore,
And taught the maids of Greece this sovereign
law—

She most shall conquer who shall most withdraw.

¹¹ Pausanias, who has recorded the story on which this little poem is founded, tells us that this was the first temple erected to Modesty in Greece.

¹² See the Veil of Modesty in the Musæum Capitolinum, Vol. III. and for further proofs of its high antiquity, see Hom. Odyss. lib. vi. Claud. Epithal. Honor. where he says,

Et crines, festina ligat, *peplumque* fluentem
Allevat——

Iphig. in Taur. Act. iv. and Colut. Rapt. Helen. lib. i. v. 381, where Hermione tears her gold-embroidered veil on the disappearance of Helen.

—— Aureum quoque rupit capitis tegmen.

O D E S.

TO THE RIVER EDEN.

1759.

DELIGHTFUL Eden! parent stream,
Yet shall the maids of Memory say
(When, led by Fancy's fairy dream,
My young steps traced thy winding way),
How oft along thy mazy shore,
That many a gloomy alder bore,
In pensive thought their Poet stray'd;
Or, careless thrown thy bank beside,
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
Bright through the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,
Where once with infant joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below survey'd:
Led by the rosy-handed Hours,
When Time tripp'd o'er that bank of flowers,
Which in thy crystal bosom smiled:
Though old the god, yet light and gay,
He flung his glass, his scythe away,
And seem'd himself a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Would whisper to thy murmurs free;
Yet rustling seems to sooth mine ear,
And trembles when I sigh for thee.

Yet, seated on thy shelving brim,
Can Fancy see the Naiads trim
 Burnish their green locks in the sun;
Or at the last lone hour of day,
To chase the lightly glancing fay,
 In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power
 Again those happy moments bring?
Canst thou restore that golden hour,
 When young Joy waved his laughing wing?
When first in Eden's rosy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
 The vow sincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breast,
With sighs, the tender thought suppress'd,
 And look'd as angels smile.

O goddess of the crystal bow,
 That dwell'st the golden meads among;
Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
 Whose murmurs melodise my song!
Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,
Which brightening glow'd in Fancy's ray,
 When, near thy lucid urn reclined,
The dryad, Nature, bared her breast,
And left, in naked charms impress'd,
 Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Memory fair
 No more in golden visions play;
No friendship smooths the brow of Care,
 No Delia's smile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendship lost to me,
'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,

And in thy breast this moral find,
That life, though stain'd with Sorrow's showers,
Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours
Her sunshine on the mind.

TO THE

GENIUS OF WESTMORELAND.

HAIL, hidden power of these wild groves,
These uncouth rocks, and mountains gray!
Where oft, as fades the closing day,
The family of Fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what sacred cell,
Coeval with the birth of Time,
Rapt in high cares and thought sublime,
In awful silence dost thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of Winter's reign,
As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale;
Moaning along the distant gale,
Has Fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
Swift has she seen thee glancing by;
Or down the summer evening sky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

If caught from thee the sacred fire,
That glow'd within my youthful breast;
Those thoughts too high to be express'd,
Genius! if thou didst once inspire,

O pleased accept this votive lay,
That, in my native shades retired,
And once, once more, by thee inspired,
In gratitude I pay.

HYMENEAL.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

1760.

AWAKE, thou everlasting lyre!
That once the mighty Pindar strung,
When rapt with more than mortal fire,
The gods of Greece he sung! Awake!
Arrest the rapid foot of Time again [strain.
With liquid notes of joy, and pleasure's melting
Crown'd with each beauteous flower that blows
On Acidalia's tuneful side;
With all Aonia's rosy pride,
Where numerous Aganippe flows;
From Thespian groves and fountains wild,
Come, thou yellow-vested boy,
Redolent of youth and joy,
Fair Urania's¹ favour'd child!
George to thee devotes the day:
Io! Hymen, haste away!
Daughter of the genial main!
Queen of youth and rosy smiles,
Queen of dimple-dwelling wiles;
Come with all thy Paphian train:
O, give the fair that blooms for Britain's throne
Thy melting charms of love, thy soul-enchancing
zone!

¹ See Catallus.

Daughter of the genial main !
Bring that heart-dissolving power,
Which once in Ida's sacred bower
The soul of Jove opposed in vain :
The sire of gods thy conquering charms confess'd ;
And, vanquish'd, sunk, sunk down on Juno's
fostering breast.

She comes, the conscious sea subsides,
Old Ocean curbs his thundering tides :
Smooth the silken surface lies,
Where Venus' flowery chariot flies :
Paphian airs in ambush sleep
On the still bosom of the deep ;
Paphian maids around her move,
Keen eyed Hope, and Joy, and Love :
Their rosy breasts a thousand Cupids lave,
And dip their wanton wings, and beat the buxom
[wave.

But mark, of more than vulgar mien,
With regal grace and radiant eye,
A form in youthful majesty !
Britain, hail thy favour'd Queen !
For her the conscious sea subsides ;
Old Ocean curbs his thundering tides,
O'er the glassy-bosom'd main
Venus leads her laughing train ;
The Paphian maids move graceful by her side,
And o'er the buxom waves the rosy Cupids ride.

Fly, ye fairy footed Hours ;
Fly, with aromatic flowers !
Such as bathed in orient dew,
Beauty's living glow diffuse ;

Such as in Idalia's grove
Breathe the sweets, the soul of love!
Come, genial god of chaste delight,
With wreaths of festive roses crown'd,
And torch that burns with radiance bright,
And liberal robe that sweeps the ground!
Bring the days of golden joy,
Pleasures pure, that never cloy!
Bring to Britain's happy pair,
All that's kind, and good, and fair!
George to thee devotes the day:
Io! Hymen, haste away.

Daughters of Jove! ye virgins sage,
That wait on Camus' hoary age;
That oft his winding vales along
Have smooth'd your silver-woven song;
O wake once more those lays sublime,
That live beyond the wrecks of time!
To crown your Albion's boasted pair,
The never fading wreath prepare;
While her rocks echo to this grateful strain,
'The friends of freedom and of Britain reign.'

EPISTLES.

THEODOSIUS TO CONSTANTIA.

1760.

LET others seek the lying aids of art,
And bribe the passions to betray the heart;
Truth, sacred Truth, and Faith unskill'd to feign,
Fill my fond breast, and prompt my artless strain.

Say, did thy lover, in some happier hour,
Each ardent thought in wild profusion pour?
With eager fondness on thy beauty gaze,
And talk with all the ecstasy of praise?
The heart sincere its pleasing tumult proved;
All, all declared that Theodosius loved.

Let raptur'd Fancy on that moment dwell,
When thy dear vows in trembling accents fell;
When Love acknowledged waked the tender sigh,
Swell'd thy full breast, and fill'd thy melting eye.
O! bless'd for ever be the' auspicious day,
Dance all its hours in pleasure's golden ray!
Pale sorrow's gloom from every eye depart!
And laughing joy glide lightly through the heart!
Let village maids their festive brows adorn,
And with fresh garlands meet the smiling morn;
Each happy swain, by faithful Love repaid,
Pour his warm vows, and court his village maid.

Yet shall the scene to ravish'd memory rise;
Constantia present yet shall meet these eyes:
On her fair arm her beauteous head reclined,
Her locks flung careless to the sportful wind.
While love and fear, contending in her face,
Flush every rose, and heighten every grace.

O, never, while of life and hope possess'd,
May this dear image quit my faithful breast!
The painful hours of absence to beguile,
May thus Constantia look, Constantia smile!

TO LORD GRANBY.

IN spite of all the rusty fools
That glean old nonsense in the schools;
Nature, a mistress never coy,
Has wrote on all her works—Enjoy.
Shall we, then, starve, like Gideon's wife,
And die to save a makeweight's life?
No, friend of Nature, you disdain
So fair a hand should work in vain.

But, good my Lord, make her your guide,
And err not on the other side:
Like her, in all you deign to do,
Be liberal, but be sparing too.
When sly Sir Toby, night by night,
With his dear bags regales his sight;
And conscience, reason, pity, sleep,
Though virtue pine, though merit weep;
I see the keen reproaches fly
Indignant from your honest eye;
Each bounteous wish glows unconfin'd,
And your breast labours to be kind.

At this warm hour, my lord, beware
The servile Flatterer's specious snare,
The fawning Sycophant, whose art
Marks the kind motions of the heart;
Each idle, each insidious knave,
That acts the graceful, wise, or brave,

With festive board, and social eye,
You've seen old Hospitality;
Mounted astride the moss-grown wall,
The genius of the ancient hall.
So reverend, with such courtly glee,
He served your noble ancestry;
And turn'd the hinge of many a gate,
For Russel, Rous, Plantagenet.
No lying porter levied there
His dues on all imported ware;
There, ranged in rows, no liveried train
E'er begg'd their master's beef again;
No flatterer's planetary face
Plied for a bottle, or a place;
Toad-eating France and fiddling Rome
Kept their lean rascals starved at home.

'Thrice happy days!'

In this, 'tis true,
Old times were better than the new;
Yet some egregious faults you'll see
In ancient Hospitality.
See motley crowds, his roof beneath,
Put poor Society to death!
Priests, knights, and squires, debating wild,
On themes unworthy of a child;
Till the strange compliment commences,
To praise their host, and lose their senses.

Go then, my lord! keep open hall;
Proclaim your table free for all;

Go, sacrifice your time, your wealth,
Your patience, liberty, and health,
To such a thought-renouncing crew,
Such foes to care——e'en care for you.

‘Heavens! and are these the plagues that wait
Around the hospitable gate?——
Let tenfold iron bolt my door,
And the gaunt mastiff growl before;
There, not one human creature nigh,
Save, dear Sir Toby, you and I,
In cynic silence let us dwell;
Ye plagues of social life, farewell!’

Displeases this? The modern way,
Perhaps, may please——a public day,
‘A public day! detested name!
The farce of friendship and the shame.
Did ever social freedom come
Within the pale of drawingroom?
See pictured round the formal crowd!
How nice, how just each attitude!

My lord approaches—what surprise!
The pictures speak, the pictures rise!
Thrice ten times told the same salute,
Once more the mimic forms are mute.
Meanwhile the envious rows between,
Distrust and Scandal walk unseen;
Their poisons silently infuse,
Till these suspect, and those abuse.

‘Far, far from these, in some lone shade,
Let me, in easy silence laid,
Where never fools or slaves intrude,
Enjoy the sweets of solitude!’

What! quit the commerce of mankind!
Leave virtue, fame, and worth behind!

Who fly to solitary rest
Are Reason's savages at best.

Though human life's extensive field
Wild weeds and vexing brambles yield;
Behold her smiling valleys bear
Mellifluous fruits, and flowerets fair!
The crowds of folly you despise——
Associate with the good and wise:
For virtue, rightly understood,
Is to be wise, and to be good.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

WITH sense enough for half your sex beside,
With just no more than necessary pride;
With knowledge caught from Nature's living page,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage—
Alas! how piteous, that in such a mind
So many foibles free reception find!
Can such a mind, ye gods! admit disdain?
Be partial, 'envious, covetous, and vain?
Unwelcome Truth! to love, to blindness clear!
Yet, Gillman, hear it;—while you blush to hear.

That in your gentle breast disdain can dwell,
Let knavery, meanness, pride that feel it, tell!
With partial eye a friend's defects you see,
And look with kindness on my faults and me.
And does no envy that fair mind o'ershade?
Does no short sigh for greater wealth invade;
When silent merit wants the fostering meed,
And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed?

Fairly the charge of vanity you prove,
Vain of each virtue of the friends you love.

What charms, what arts of magic have conspired
Of power to make so many faults admired?

TO MR. * * *.

FROM scenes where fancy no excursion tries,
Nor trusts her wing to smoke-enveloped skies;
Far from the town's detested haunts removed,
And nought but thee deserted that I loved;
From noise and folly and the world got free,
One truant thought yet only stays for thee.
What is that world which makes the heart its slave?
A restless sea, revolving wave on wave:
There rage the storms of each uncertain clime;
There float the wrecks of Fortune and of Time;
There Hope's smooth gales in soft succession blow
While Disappointment hides the rock below.
The siren Pleasures tune their fatal breath,
And lull you to the long repose of death.
What is that world? ah! 'tis no more
Than the vex'd ocean while we walk the shore.
Loud roar the winds and swell the wild waves high,
Lash the rude beach, and frighten all the sky;
No longer shall my little bark be rent,
Since Hope resign'd her anchor to Content.

Like some poor fisher that, escaped with life,
Will trust no more to elemental strife;
But sits in safety on the green bank side,
And lives upon the leavings of the tide;
Like him contented you your friend shall see,
As safe, as happy, and as poor as he.

TO ALMENA,

FROM THE BANKS OF THE IRWAN.

WHERE trembling poplars shade their parent vale,
And tune to melody the mountain-gale;
Where Irwan murmurs musically slow,
And breathing breezes through his osiers blow;
Friend of my heart, behold thy poet laid
In the dear silence of his native shade!
Ye sacred vales, where oft the Muse, unseen,
Led my light steps along the moonlight green;
Ye scenes, where peace and fancy held their reign,
For ever loved, and once enjoy'd again!
Ah! where is now that nameless bliss refined,
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind?
As sweet the wild rose bares its balmy breast;
As soon, the breeze with murmurs soothes to rest;
As smooth, the stream of silver Irwan flows;
As fair, each flower along his border blows:
Yet dwells not here that nameless bliss refined,
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind.
Is it that knowledge is allied to woe;
And are we happy only ere we know?
Is it that Hope withholds her golden ray,
That Fancy's fairy visions fade away?
Or can I, distant far from all that's dear,
Be happy only when Almena's near?
That truth, the feelings of my heart disclose:
Too dear the friendship for the friend's repose.
Thus mourn'd the Muse, when through his osiers
wild,
The hill-born Irwan raised his head and smiled:

' Child of my hopes (he fondly cried), forbear;
 Nor let thy Irwan witness thy despair.
 Has peace indeed forsook my flowery shore?
 Shall Fame, and Hope, and Fancy charm no more?
 Though Fame and Hope in kindred air depart,
 Yet Fancy still should hold thee to her heart;
 For, at thy birth, the village hind has seen
 Her light wings waving o'er the shadowy green.
 With rosy wreaths she crown'd the newborn hours,
 And rival fairies fill'd thy bed with flowers;
 In vain—if grief shall waste thy blooming years,
 And life dissolve in solitude and tears.'



TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

PREFIXED TO THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODOSIUS
 AND CONSTANTIA.

To live beneath the golden star of love,
 With happier fancy, passions more refined,
 Each softening charm of tenderness to prove,
 And all the finer movements of the mind—
 From gifts like these say, what the boasted gain
 Of those who exquisitely feel or know?
 The skill from pleasure to extract the pain,
 And open all the avenues of woe.
 Yet shall we, Colman, at these gifts repine?
 Implore cold apathy to steel the heart?
 Would you that sensibility resign,
 And with those powers of genius would you part?
 Ah me! my friend! nor deem the verse divine
 That weakness wrote in Petrarch's gentle strain!
 When once he own'd at love's unfavouring shrine,
 ' A thousand pleasures were not worth one pain.'

The dreams of fancy sooth the pensive heart ;
For Fancy's urn can new delights dispense :
The powers of genius purer joys impart ;
For genius brightens all the springs of sense.

O charm of every muse-ennobled mind,
Far, far above the groveling crowd to rise !—
Leave the low train of trifling cares behind ;
Assert its birthright, and affect the skies !

O right divine, the pride of power to scorn !
On fortune's little vanity look down !
With nobler gifts, to fairer honours born
Than fear, or folly, fancies in a crown !

As far each boon that Nature's hand bestows,
The worthless glare of fortune's train exceeds,
As yon fair orb, whose beam eternal glows,
Outshines the transient meteor that it feeds.

To Nature, Colman, let thy incense rise,
For, much indebted, much hast thou to pay ;
For taste refined, for wit correctly wise,
And keen discernment's soul-pervading ray.

To catch the manners from the various face,
To paint the nice diversities of mind,
The living lines of character to trace,
She gave thee powers, and the task assign'd.

Seize, seize the pen ! the sacred hour departs !
Nor, led by kindness, longer lend thine ear :
The tender tale of two ingenuous hearts
Would rob thee of a moment and a tear.

**THE
COUNTRY JUSTICE.**

**BY ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE
FOR THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.**

PART I.

TO

RICHARD BURN, LL.D.

**ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE
COUNTIES OF WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.**

DEAR SIR,

A POEM written professedly at your request, naturally addresses itself to you. The distinction you have acquired on the subject, and your taste for the arts, give that address every kind of propriety. **If I have any particular satisfaction in this publication, beside what arises from my compliance with your commands, it must be in the idea of that testimony it bears to our friendship. If you believe that I am more concerned for the duration of that than of the Poem itself, you will not be mistaken; for I am,**

Dear Sir,

**Your truly affectionate brother
and faithful humble servant,**

THE AUTHOR.

**SOMERSETSHIRE,
April 25, 1774.**

THE
COUNTRY JUSTICE.

**IN Richard's days, when lost his pastured plain,
The wandering Briton sought the wild wood's reign,
With great disdain beheld the feudal horde,
Poor life-let vassals of a Norman Lord;
And, what no brave man ever lost, possess'd
Himself—for Freedom bound him to her breast.**

**Lovest thou that Freedom? By her holy shrine,
If yet one drop of British blood be thine,
See, I conjure thee, in the desert shade,
His bow unstrung, his little household laid,
Some brave forefather; while his fields they share,
By Saxon, Dane, or Norman banish'd there!
And think he tells thee, as his soul withdraws,
As his heart swells against a tyrant's laws,
The war with Fate, though fruitless, to maintain
To guard that liberty he loved in vain.**

**Were thoughts like these the dream of ancient
Peculiar only to some age, or clime? [time?
And does not Nature thoughts like these impart,
Breathe in the soul, and write upon the heart?
Ask on their mountains yon deserted band,
That point to Paoli with no plausible hand;
Despising still, their freeborn souls unbroke,
Alike the Gallic and Ligurian yoke!**

Yet while the patriots' generous rage we share,
Still civil safety calls us back to care;—
To Britain lost in either Henry's day,
Her woods, her mountains, one wild scene of prey!
Fair Peace from all her bounteous valleys fled,
And Law beneath the barbed arrow bled.

In happier days, with more auspicious fate,
The far famed Edward heal'd his wounded state;
Dread of his foes, but to his subjects dear,
These learn'd to love, as those are taught to fear;
Their laurel'd prince with British pride obey,
His glory shone their discontent away.

With care the tender flower of love to save,
And plant the olive on Disorder's grave,
For civil storms fresh barriers to provide,
He caught the favouring calm and falling tide,

The social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdued by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel,
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
For this fair Justice raised her sacred arm;
For this the rural magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

Oft, where old Air in conscious glory sails,
On silver waves that flow through smiling vales,
In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was
laid,

Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade,

With many a group of antique columns crown'd,
In gothic guise such mansion have I found.

Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits, that sore bedizen Nature's face,
Of the more manly structures here ye view;
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have moved my spleen
With Venus and the Graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his illgot wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shopman, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books!
But, spare my Venus, spare each sister Grace,
Ye cits, that sore bedizen Nature's face!

Ye royal architects, whose antic taste
Would lay the realms of Sense and Nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no courtly creature sees,
Snakes on the ground, or monkeys in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall
On the plain precincts of the ancient Hall.

For though no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's paroquets;
Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;
Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphinx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.

Long have these mighty monsters known dis-
grace,
Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;

Where round the Hall, the oak's high surbase rears
The fieldday triumphs of two hundred years.

The' enormous antlers here recall the day
That saw the forest monarch forced away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain pass'd,
Nor finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepared to fly,
Long ere the deathdrop fill'd his failing eye!

Here, famed for cunning, and in crimes grown
Hangs his gray brush, the felon of the fold. [old, / 17
Oft as the rent feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old traditionary tale,
Though known to every tenant of the vale.

Here, where of old, the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are
spread:

Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast sirloin
Vied in round magnitude—Respect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.
These, and such antique tokens, that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gewgaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,
More than all Asia's marmosets to view,
Grin, frisk, and water, in the walks of Kew.

Through these fair valleys, stranger, hast thou
stray'd,
By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain Hall the magistral chair?
There Herbert sat—the love of humankind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,

In the free eye the featured soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and Mercy's melting shade;
Justice, that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw;
Bend o'er her urn with many a generous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one orphan's tear;
Fair Equity and Reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart—
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail,
Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.

Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan:
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.
He whom the mighty master of this ball,
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the Patriarch's truth however loath,
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.

Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail;
Born but to err, and erring to bewail;
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?

Still mark if Vice or Nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing Want, on Famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.

For him, who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore,
Who, then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed:
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain, '61
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears!
O Edward, here thy fairest laurels fade!
And thy long glories darken into shade.

While yet the palms thy hardy veterans won,
The deeds of valour that for thee were done,
While yet the wreaths for which they bravely bled,
Fired thy high soul, and flourish'd on thy head,
Those veterans to their native shores return'd,
Like exiles wander'd, and like exiles mourn'd;
Or, left at large no longer to bewail,
Were vagrants deem'd, and destined to a gaol!

Were there no royal, yet uncultured lands,
No wastes that wanted such subduing hands;
Were Cressy's heroes such abandon'd things?
O fate of war! and gratitude of kings!

The gipsy race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of Liberty I love:
Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx of the common shore.

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.

Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain
The sable eye, then, snuggling, sleep again;
Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wandering mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of Fate!
From her to hear, in evening's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village maid,
Draws her long hoarded copper from its hold;
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.
But, ah! ye maids, beware the gipsy's lures!
She opens not the womb of Time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung!
The parson's maid—sore cause had she to rue
The gipsy's tongue; the parson's daughter too,
Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know
What Vellum's sprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true;
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

Where, in the darkling shed, the moon's dim rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise,
Villaria sat, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe she sought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either side, the crooked sixpence seek;
Twice were those hands withdrawn from either
side,
To stop the tittering laugh, the blush to hide,

Nor yet the days consumed in Hackthorn's vale,
That lonely on the heath's wild bosom lies,
Should we with stern severity bewail,
And all the *lighter* hours of life despise.

For Nature's seasons different aspects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due ;
A while she freed us from the scourge of Care,
But told us *then*—for social ends we grew.

To find some virtue traced on life's short page,
Some mark of service paid to humankind,
Alone can cheer the wintry paths of age,
Alone support the far reflecting mind.

Oh ! often thought—when Smith's discerning care
To further days prolong'd this failing frame !
To die, was little—But what heart could bear
To die, and leave an undistinguish'd name ?

BLAGDON HOUSE,
Feb. 22, 1775.

THE
COUNTRY JUSTICE.

YET, while thy rod restrains the needy crew,
Remember that thou art their monarch too.
King of the Beggars!—Lovest thou not the name?
O, great from Ganges to the golden Thāme!
Far ruling sovereign of this begging ball,
Low at thy footstool other thrones shall fall.
His alms to thee the whisker'd Moor convey¹,
And Prussia's sturdy beggar own thy sway;
Courts, senates—all to Baal that bend the knee²,
King of the beggars, these are fiefs to thee!

But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;
That worst excrescency of power forego,
That *pride* of kings, Humanity's first foe.

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;

¹ Refers to the conclusion of the First Part.

² The Mahometan princes seem to have a regular system of begging. Nothing so common as to hear that the Dey of Algiers, &c. &c. are dissatisfied with their presents. It must be owned, it would be for the welfare of the world, if princes in general would adhere to the maxim, that, 'it is better to beg than to steal.'

³ ——— Tu poscis vilia rerum,
Quamvis fers te nullius egentem.

HOR.

Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend;
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!

If, when from Heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof, and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;—
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering Him who said)
'These people come from far, and have no bread.'

Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to *thy* ear.
He, where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim,
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,
The parish officer!—though Verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain;
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust! [cay'd,

When the poor hind, with length of years de-
Leans feebly on his once subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?

When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasp'd hook
Where shall the helpless family be fed, [tear,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?

See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.

If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His lowborn pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul,

But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of the' insulting foe,
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.

Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind?
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to indolence adieu!

And, first, we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.

—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;
But Time untenants—Hah! what seest thou there?
'Horror!—By Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!'

'Tis the shepherd and his wife,

I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told:
They died through want—

‘ By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty or design,
These victims fell, he dies—’

They fell by thine.
‘ Infernal!—Mine!—by—’

Swear on no pretence:
A swearing Justice wants both grace and sense.

When thy good father held this wide domain,
The voice of sorrow never mourn’d in vain.
Sooth’d by his pity, by his bounty fed,
The sick found medicine, and the aged bread.
He left their interest to no parish care,
No bailiff urged his little empire there:
No village tyrant starved them, or oppress’d;
He learn’d their wants, and he those wants redress’d.

E’en these, unhappy! who, beheld too late,
Smote thy young heart with horror at their fate,
His bounty found, and destined here to keep
A small detachment of his mountain sheep.
Still pleased to see them from the annual fair
The’ unwritten history of their profits bear;
More nobly pleased those profits to restore,
And, if their fortune fail’d them, make it more.

When Nature gave her precept to remove
His kindred spirit to the realms of love,
Afar their anguish from thy distant ear,
No arm to save, and no protection near,
Led by the lure of unaccounted gold,
Thy bailiff seized their little flock, and sold.

Their want contending parishes survey'd,
 And this disown'd, and that refused to aid;
 A while, who should *not* succour them, they tried,
 And in that while the wretched victims died.

‘ I’ll scalp that bailiff—sacrifice—’

In vain

To rave at mischief, if the cause remain !

O days long lost to man in each degree !

The golden days of hospitality !

When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife

To fill the noblest offices of life ; [gate

When Wealth was Virtue’s handmaid, and her

Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of fate ;

The poor at hand their natural patrons saw,

And lawgivers were supplements of law !

Lost are those days, and Fashion’s boundless
 sway

Has borne the guardian magistrate away.

Save in Augusta’s streets, on Gallia’s shore,

The rural patron is beheld no more.

No more the poor his kind protection share,

Unknown their wants, and unreceived their prayer.

Yet has that Fashion, long so light and vain,

Reform’d at last, and led the moral train ?

Have her gay votaries nobler worth to boast

For Nature’s love, for Nature’s virtue lost ?

No—fled from these, the sons of fortune find

What poor respect to wealth remains behind :

The mock regard alone of menial slaves,

The worship’d calves of their outwitting knaves !

Foregone the social, hospitable days,

When wide vales echoed with their owner’s praise,

Of all that ancient consequence bereft,

What has the modern Man of Fashion left ?

Does he, perchance, to rural scenes repair,
And 'waste his sweetness' on the essenced air?
Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye scouring seas; and ye sulphureous springs!
And thou, Brighthelmstone, where no cits annoy
(All borne to Margate, in the Margate hoy),
Where, if the hasty creditor advance,
Lies the light skiff, and ever bailing France,
Do thou defend him in the dogday suns!
Secure in winter from the rage of duns!
While the grim catchpole, the grim porter swear,
One that he is, and one, he is not there,
The tortured usurer, as he murmurs by,
Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a sigh.

O, from each title folly ever took,
Blood! Maccarone! Cicisbeo! Rook!
From each low passion, from each low resort,
The thieving alley, nay the righteous court;
From Bertie's, Almack's, Arthur's, and the nest
Where Judah's ferrets earth with Charles un-
bless'd;—

From these and all the garbage of the great,
At Honour's, Freedom's, Virtue's call—retreat!

Has the fair vale, where rest, conceal'd in flowers,
Lies in sweet ambush for thy careless hours,
The breeze, that, balmy fragrance to infuse,
Bathes its soft wing in aromatic dews,
The stream, to sooth thine ear, to cool thy breast,
That mildly murmurs from its crystal rest;—
Have these less charms to win, less power to
please

Than haunts of rapine, harbours of disease?

Will no kind slumbers o'er thine eyelids creep,
Save where the sullen watchman growls at sleep?

Does morn no sweeter, purer breath diffuse,
Than steams through alleys from the lungs of Jews?
And is thy water, pent in putrid wood,
Bethesdalike, when troubled only good?

Is it thy passion Linley's voice to hear,
And has no mountain lark detain'd thine ear?
Song marks alone the tribes of airy wing;
For, trust me, man was never meant to sing:
And all his mimic organs e'er express'd
Was but an imitative howl at best.

Is it on Garrick's attitude you dote?
See on the pointed cliff yon lordly goat!
Like Lear's, his beard descends in graceful snow,
And wild he looks upon the world below.
Superior *here* the scene in every part!
Here reigns great Nature, and there little art!
Here let thy life assume a nobler plan,
To Nature faithful, and the friend of man!

Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest care,
Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer;
Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.

Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn, [torn?
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have
While yet, to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A *few* seem straggling in the evening sky!
Not many suns have hasten'd down the day,
Or blushing moons immersed in clouds their way,
Since there a scene, that stain'd their sacred
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight; [light,
A babe just born that signs of life express'd,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursued,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;

To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before ;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

Far other treatment she who breathless lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.

Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increased by Nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,
The ruffian officer opposed her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away ;
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain, and cold,
And anguish, she expired—the rest I've told.

‘ Now *let me swear*—For, by my soul's last
sigh,

That thief shall live, that overseer shall die.’

Too late!—His life the generous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd !
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,
No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear ;
No liberal justice first assign'd the gaol,
Or urged, as Camplin would have urged, his tale.

The living object of thy honest rage,
Old in parochial crimes, and steel'd with age,
The grave churchwarden ! unabash'd he bears
Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers ;
And pours, with all the blasphemy of praise,
His creeping soul in Sternhold's creeping lays !

THE
COUNTRY JUSTICE.
PART III.

Inscribed to Thomas Smith, M. D.

O, NO! Sir John¹—the Muse's gentle art
Lives not to blemish, but to mend the heart.
While Gay's brave robber grieves us for his fate,
We hold the harpies of his life in hate.
Ingenuous youth, by Nature's voice address'd,
Finds not the harden'd, but the feeling breast;
Can form no wish the dire effects to prove
Of lawless valour, or of venal love,
Approves the fondness of the faithful maid,
And mourns a generous passion unrepaid.

Yet would I praise the pious zeal that saves
Imperial London from her world of knaves;
Yet would I count it no inglorious strife
To scourge the pests of property and life.

Come then, long skill'd in theft's illusive ways,
Lord of the clue that thrids her mighty maze!
Together let us beat all Giles's fields, [yields,
Try what the night-house, what the round-house
Hang when we must, be candid when we please,
But leave no bawd, unlicensed, at her ease.
Say first, of thieves above, or thieves below,
What can we order till their haunts we know?

¹ Sir John Fielding presided at the Bow Street Police Office.

Far from St. James's let your Nimrods stray,
But stop and call at Stephen's in their way.
That ancient victualler, we've been told of late,
Has kept bad hours, encouraged high debate;
That those without still pelting those within,
Have stunn'd the peaceful neighbours with their
That if you close his private walls invest, [din;
'Tis odds, you meet with some unruly guest—
Good Lord, Sir John, how would the people stare,
To see the present and the late Lord Mayor²
Bow to the majesty of Bow Street chair!

Illustrious chiefs! can I your haunts pass by,
Nor give my long-loved Liberty a sigh? [blew,
That heavenly plant which long unblemish'd
Dishonour'd only, only hurt by you!
Dishonour'd, when with harden'd front you claim
To deeds of darkness her diviner name!
For you grim Licence strove with hydra breath
To spread the blasts of pestilence and death:
Here for poor vice, for dark ambition there,
She scatter'd poison through the social air.

Yet here in vain—Oh, had her toil been vain,
When with black wing she swept the western
When with low labour, and insidious art, [main;
She tore a daughter from her parent's heart!

Oh, Patriots, ever patriots out of place,
Fair Honour's foil, and Liberty's disgrace!
With spleen I see your wild illusions spread
Through the long region of a land misled;
See Commerce sink, see Cultivation's charms
Lost in the rage of anarchy and arms!

And though, O Chatham, once a nation's pride,
Borne on the brightest wave of glory's tide!

² This was written about the year 1776.

Hast thou the parent spurn'd, the erring child
 With prospects vain to ruin's arms beguiled?
 Hast thou the plans of dire defection praised
 For the poor pleasure of a statue raised?

Oh, Patriots, ever patriots out of place,
 From Charles quite graceless, up to Grafton's
 grace!

Where forty-five once mark'd the dirty door,
 And the chain'd knife³ invites the paltry whore;
 Though far, methinks, the choicest guests are fled,
 And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the
 dead, [fulfil,

Wilkes, who in death would friendship's vows
 True to his cause, and dines with Humphrey still—
 Where sculks each dark, where roams each des-
 perate wight,

Owls of the day and vultures of the night,—
 Shall we, O Knight, with cruel pains, explore,
 Clear these low walks, and think the business o'er?
 No—much, alas! for you, for me remains,
 Where Justice sleeps, and Depredation reigns.

Wrapp'd in kind darkness, you no spleen betray
 When the gilt Nabob lacqueys all the way,
 Harmless to you his towers, his forests rise,
 That swell with anguish my indignant eyes;
 While in those towers razed villages I see,
 And tears of orphans watering every tree.
 Are these mock ruins that invade my view?
 These are the entrails of the poor Gentoo.
 That column's trophied base his bones supply;
 That lake the tears that swell'd his sable eye!
 Let here, O Knight, their steps terrific steer
 Thy hue and cry, and loose thy bloodhounds here.

³ Chained to the table, to prevent depredations.

Oh, Mercy, throned on his eternal breast,
Who breathed the savage waters into rest;
By each soft pleasure that thy bosom smote,
When first creation started from his thought;
By each warm tear that melted o'er thine eye,
When on his works was written 'These must die !'
If secret slaughter yet, nor cruel war,
Have from these mortal regions forced thee far;
Still to our follies, to our frailties blind,
Oh, stretch thy healing wings o'er humankind !
—For them I ask not, hostile to thy sway,
Who calmly on a brother's vitals prey;
For them I plead not, who, in blood embued,
Have every softer sentiment subdued.

Yet, gentle power, thy absence I bewail,
When seen the dank, dark regions of a gaol;
When found alike in chains and night enclosed,
The thief detected, and the thief supposed !
Sure, the fair light and the salubrious air
Each *yet suspected* prisoner might share.
—To lie to languish in some dreary cell,
Some loathed hold, where guilt and horror dwell,
Ere yet the truth of seeming facts be tried,
Ere yet their country's sacred voice decide,
Britain, behold thy citizens exposed,
And blush to think the gothic age unclosed !

Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to raze
That pest of James's puritanic days,
The savage law⁴ that barbarously ordains
For female virtue lost a felon's pains !—
Dooms the poor maiden, as her fate severe,
To toil and chains a long enduring year.

⁴ 7 Jac. c. 4.

The' unnatural monarch, to the sex unkind,
An owl obscene, in learning's sunshine blind!
Councils of pathics, cabinets of tools,
Benches of knaves, and parliaments of fools!
Fanatic fools, that, in those twilight times,
With wild religion cloak'd the worst of crimes!—
Hope we from such a crew, in such a reign,
For equal laws, or policy humane?

Here, then, O Justice, thy own power forbear;
The sole protector of the' unpitied fair.
Though long entreat the ruthless overseer:
Though the loud vestry tease thy tortured ear;
Though all to acts, to precedents appeal;
Mute be thy pen, and vacant rest thy seal.

Yet shalt thou know, nor is the difference nice,
The casual fall from impudence of vice.
Abandon'd guilt by active laws restrain,
But pause——if Virtue's slightest spark remain.
Left to the shameless lash, the hardening gaol,
The fairest thoughts of modesty would fail.
The downcast eye, the tear that flows amain,
As if to ask her innocence again;
The plaintive babe, that slumbering seem'd to lie
On her soft breast, and wakes at the heaved sigh;
The cheek that wears the beauteous robe of shame;
How loath they leave a gentle breast to blame!

Here, then, O Justice, thy own power forbear;—
The sole protector of the' unpitied fair!

LE SOCIABLE.

PARTLY IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

HENCE, gloomy Spleen, and sullen Care,
Of black stoled Night and horrid Hydra born!

That lead the feet forlorn
All through the rueful regions of despair.

Hence to the dark and dire abode,
Where Folly mourns in Superstition's chain,
And priests, devoutly vain,
Forsake each virtue to adore their God.

Nor yet, ye deep immured cells,
Nor yet, ye dim glooms, ought have ye to please,
Where oft the mind's disease,
Beating her lorn breast, melancholy, dwells.

Far from these I fly to thee,
Blithe-eyed nymph, Society!
In thy dwelling, free and fair,
Converse smooths the brow of Care.
Who, when waggish Wit betray'd
To his arms a silvan maid,
All beneath a myrtle tree,
In some vale of Arcady,
Sprung, I ween, from such embrace,
The lovely contrast in her face.
Perchance the Muses, as they stray'd
Seeking other spring, or shade,
On the sweet child cast an eye,
In some vale of Arcady.
And, blithest of the sisters three,
Gave her to Euphrosyne.

The Grace, delighted, taught her care,
The cordial smile, the placid air;
How to chase, and how restrain
All the fleet ideal train.

How with apt words, well combined,
To show each image of the mind;
Taught her how they disagree,
Awkward fear and modesty
And freedom and rusticity;
True politeness when to know
From the superficial show,
From the coxcomb's shallow grace,
And the many model'd face;
That Nature's unaffected ease
More than studied forms would please;
When to check the sportive vein,
When to fancy give the rein;
On the subject when to be
Grave or gay, reserved or free;
The speaking air, the' impassion'd eye,
The living soul of symmetry,
And that soft sympathy that binds
In hidden chains congenial minds.

Memory, mother of the Nine,
Led her oft to Learning's shrine;
And taught her from the treasured page
To cull the flowers of every age.
Come, gentle herald of the heart!
Fraught with every pleasing art,
On Hackthorn's silent shades a while,
Sweet queen of parley! deign to smile,
For thee an hour I well could spare,
Stolen from solitude and care,

OWEN OF CARRON.

There is something romantic in the story of the following Poem ; but the Author has his reasons for believing that there is something likewise authentic. On the simple circumstances of the ancient narrative, from which he first borrowed his idea, those reasons are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a work of this kind, to trouble his readers would be superfluous.

ON Carron's side the primrose pale,
 Why does it wear a purple hue ?
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
 Why stream your eyes with Pity's dew ?
 'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
 That purple grows the primrose pale ;
 That Pity pours the tender flood
 From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,
 The sun his golden tresses gave,
 The north's pure morn her orient dye,
 To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high, historic stone,
 Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
 Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
 He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge ye sung ;
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's¹ day,
When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
The fairer plains of Carron spread;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's² charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile,
And England's honest valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

¹ William the Lion, King of Scotland.

² The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest women in Europe; insomuch that she had several suitors and admirers from foreign courts.

‘ Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o’er thy cheek those roses stray’d;
Thy breath, the violet of the vale;
Thy voice, the music of the shade!

‘ Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen’s love
Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
For soon those gentle arms shall prove
The conflict of a ruder field.’

’Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish’d—more unmoved
Than Moray’s rocks when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen loved
With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For Love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul beyond a vulgar state;
The’ unconquer’d banners he displays
Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

’Twas when, on summer’s softest eve,
Of clouds that wander’d west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore³;

³ A chain of mountains running through Scotland from east to west.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractised breast,
Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought, [rest.
And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd her into

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
That o'er the realm of Fancy reigns,
Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
And smiles at Slumber's powerless chains :

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he framed (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight;
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight):

Such bower he framed with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Waved all the witcheries of love.

Yet it was wrought in simple show;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild rose wound her damask flower;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
Combined to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

v.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
And, when the fleeting form was pass'd,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and oft the pictured view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
And brought the long-lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulder spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd,
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of Love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep-defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—
Oh!—Who is he whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclined in rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imaged on her breast,
That lives still pictured in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-loved partner there;
Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in Slumber's chain,
Seem'd haply o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Seized all her soul; she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
 As well might powerless captive fly—
 The new-cropp'd flower falls from her hand—
 Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
 Smile in the morning's orient eye,
 And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
 What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
 As any Muse that meets thine ear,
 The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
 When waked, is fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gazed—that silence broke;
 ' Hail, goddess of these groves (he cried),
 O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
 O let me in thy service bide!

' For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
 Unwearied chase the destined prey;
 For thee I'll pierce the wild-wood deep,
 And part the sprays that vex thy way;

' For thee'—' O stranger, cease (she said),
 And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
 But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
 By aught that to her bosom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
 The fond idea that confined
 Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
 Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O Love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born;
Where Nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of Morn;

Where the sweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing Love!

Ah! wherefore should grim Rage be nigh,
And dark Distrust, with changeful face,
And Jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower,
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah, wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithisdale!

And that fair form with arm reclined
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,

'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?

No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And, 'Haste to yonder groves (he cries),
And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

'What time ye mark from bower or glenn
A gentle lady take her way,
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray;

'Then ransack straight that range of groves:—
With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
If chance, a rosy stripling roves,—
Ye well can aim your arrows keen.'

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierced the desert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep,
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

x.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featured vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
Swift as the mountain deer he sped;
The evening shades will sink in night,
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! she will chide thy trifling stay,
E'en now the soft reproach she frames:
'Can lovers brook such long delay?
Lovers that boast of ardent flames!'

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft Slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train ;
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down ;
For her no balms their sweets exhale :
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night ;

Returning life illumines her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds—
What are those bloody arrows nigh ?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds !

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay ?—
'Twas some poor youth—Ah, Nithisdale !
She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead ?
Give the set eye its soul again ?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which Nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
O'er all his paly visage glides—
' Ah me! what means this misery here?
What fate this lady fair betides?'

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retired;—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expired!

XIII.

' O hide me in thy humble bower
(Returning late to life, she said);
I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
With many a rosy wreath thy head.
' Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
And, if my love asleep is laid,
Oh! wake him not; but softly move
Some pillow to that gentle head.
' Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
But oh! no lamb in all thy train
Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.'
' His head is on the woodmoss laid;
I did not wake his slumber deep—
Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
Why, gentle lady, would you weep!
As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dewdrop dear,
But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure, the privilege of mind
Cannot be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On Melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
Till Nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

' These jewels, all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou (she said), good shepherd, take;
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

' So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

' Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share.'

XV.

And now two longsome years are pass'd
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.
Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears Love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?
By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
He binds his vale flowers with the reed;
He wears Love's sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it closed, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.
No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks the' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does Nature bear a tyrant's breast?
Is she the friend of stern control?
Wears she the despot's purple vest?
Or fetters she the freeborn soul?
Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy children's breast to bind?
Gavest thou the Promethéan flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great Nature's,—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs :
Each privilege she gives to thee ;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
Perhaps some feelings of thy heart ;
And wilt thou their loved hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale
Ill fated Ellen, claims thy hand ;
Thou know'st not that thy Nithsdale
Was low laid by his ruffian band :

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married Love ! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with Heaven's own splendour bright.

But if no radiant star of love,
O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has Time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale flowers with the reed ?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;
No early charm returns again;
The parent, Nature, keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sunbeam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quivering light,
And shown the chequer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;
In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greenest glade,
He fondly framed this simple song:

XXI.

' Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

' A silken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

' I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

‘ This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd’s farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd’s boy.

‘ And, O thou silent picture fair!
That lovest to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd’s boy.’

XXII.

Ah, lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
Seest thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hovering o’er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his evening star,
And Fate’s more pointed arrows move,
Insidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch’d o’er Owen’s infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom Time leads calmly down to Death:

‘ O tell me, parent if thou art,
What is this lovely picture dear?
Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
Why flows from mine the’ unbidden tear?’—

‘ Ah! youth! to leave thee loath am I,
Though I be not thy parent dear;
And wouldst thou wish, or ere I die,
The story of thy birth to hear?



*Published 1844, by John Sharpe,
 Piccadilly.*



‘ But it will make thee much bewail,
And it will make thy fair eye swell’—
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that sorrow doom’d to share,
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds, full oft, its ruin slow:
But when that seal is first impress’d,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen’s—wild amaze
In paleness clothed, and lifted hands,
And horror’s dread, unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look’d wistful for the tear to glide;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

‘ No, I am not a shepherd’s boy
(Awaking from his dream, he said),
Ah! where is now the promised joy
Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

‘ O picture dear!—for her loved sake
How fondly could my heart bewail!
My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
And tell me more of this sad tale.

‘ O tell me more of this sad tale—
No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
And I will go to Lothian’s vale,
And more than all her waters weep.’

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian’s vale is fled—
Earl Barnard’s lofty towers appear—
‘ O! art thou there (the full heart said),
O! art thou there, my parent dear?’
Yes, she is there: from idle state
Oft has she stole her hour to weep;
Think how she ‘ by thy cradle sate,’
And how she ‘ fondly saw thee sleep’.
Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And still he blots the parent’s name,
For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O’er a fair fountain’s smiling side
Reclined a dim tower, clad with moss,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That languish’d for its partner’s loss:
This scene he chose, this scene assign’d
A parent’s first embrace to wait,
And many a soft fear fill’d his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter’s fate.
The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

¹ See the ancient Scottish ballad, called Gill Morrice.

XXVIII.

‘ She comes not;—can she then delay?
(Cried the fair youth, and dropp’d a tear)—
Whatever filial love could say,
To her I said, and call’d her *dear*.

‘ She comes—Oh! no—encircled round
‘Tis some rude chief with many a spear:
My hapless tale that earl has found—
Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear.’

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach’d his lady’s eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

‘Tis o’er—those locks that waved in gold,
That waved adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath’d in the gloomy tyrant’s hold,
Hang from the sever’d head in air;

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian’s halls;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
‘ Know’st thou these—Ellen of the vale?’
The pictured bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul’s first fear was o’er:
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk, to rise no more.

ELEGIES.

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

In Four Elegies.

1762.

La raison sait que c'est un songe,
Mais elle en saisit les douceurs :
Elle a besoin de ces fantomes,
Presque tous les plaisirs des hommes
Ne sont que de douces erreurs.

GRESSET.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have ye borne those hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flowers?
In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the slow wave through the flow-
ery plain,
To these fond arms you led the tyrant Love,
With Fear and Hope and Folly in his train.
My lyre, that left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd :

‘ Rest, gentle youth ! while on the quivering breeze
Slides to thine ear this softly-breathing strain ;
Sounds that move smoother than the steps of Ease,
And pour oblivion in the ear of Pain.

‘ In this fair vale eternal Spring shall smile,
And Time unenvious crown each roseate hour ;
Eternal Joy shall every care beguile,
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

‘ This silver stream, that down its crystal way
Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
Shall, still the same, in sunny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodise thy song.

‘ Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn ;
Those living meads immortal flowers unfold ;
In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
And every evening close in clouds of gold.

‘ The tender Loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,
Shall charm, through all approaching life, thy
With joys for ever pure, for ever new. [breast,

‘ The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender passion shall inspire ;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever young desire.

‘ Come, gentle Loves ! your myrtle garlands bring ;
The smiling bower with cluster’d roses spread ;
Come, gentle airs ! with incense-dropping wing
The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.

‘ Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
How the notes vibrate on the favouring gale !
Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
And powers unseen the happy moments hail !

‘ Ecstatic hours ! so every distant day
Like this serene on downy wings shall move ;
Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love.’

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung,
Children of Fancy ! yes, your song was vain ;
On each soft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life ! the glories thus depart
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of Fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Siren, go—thy charms on others try ;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore :
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie ;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet ! long-neglected maid !
O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell ;
There unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions shall subside;
When Peace shall clasp me to her plummy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O bless'd Insensibility be nigh, [close.
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless in the arms of Peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton though all the Muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though Malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, though Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desired! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants:

When dark design invades the cheerful hour,
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.
With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The woodlark's song resounded on the plain;
Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smiled through all her animated reign.
When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half reclined,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd:
'O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
And feel the charms of Fancy and of Love!
'High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landscape smiles;
For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care,
Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.
'Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health, and melody succeed.

- ‘ O let me still with simple nature live,
My lowly field flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day!
- ‘ No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor’d wishes crave;
So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.
- ‘ So may the sweet Euterpe not disdain
At Eve’s chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
The muse of pity wake her soothing strain,
And tune to sympathy the trembling string.
- ‘ Thus glide the pensive moments o’er the vale,
While floating shades of dusky night descend:
Nor left untold the lover’s tender tale,
Nor unenjoy’d the heart-enlarging friend.
- ‘ To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
To attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the soul,
The simple charms of truth, and sense refined.
- ‘ Then to explore whatever ancient sage
Studious from Nature’s early volume drew,
To chase sweet Fiction through her golden age,
And mark how fair the sunflower, Science, blew!
- ‘ Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
Hesperian fancy, or Aonian ease;
Some melting note from Sappho’s tender lyre,
Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to
please.

- ‘ When waves the gray light o’er the mountain head,
Then let me meet the morn’s first béauteous ray;
Carelessly wander from my silvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.
- ‘ Nor seldom, loitering as I muse along,
Mark from what flower the breeze its sweetness
Or listen to the labour-soothing song [bore;
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o’er.
- ‘ Slow let me climb the mountain’s airy brow;
The green height gain’d, in museful rapture lie;
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on Nature with a lover’s eye.
- ‘ Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
Led by fair Fancy round the varied year:
So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.
- ‘ Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage:
So Joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
So Hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age.’
-

ELEGY IV.

OH! yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay!
Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I’ll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life’s romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o’er each object spread
By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew so fair,
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish’d from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his design :

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And Sharon's roses all his passage strew :
So Fancy dreams ; but Fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning landscape gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their reign ;
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling
bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain,

In radiant colours Youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye ;
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence Fancy, conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her Platonic shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
The fairy race that fill'd her festive train ;
Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

WRITTEN 1760.

THE eye of Nature never rests from care ;
She guards her children with a parent's love ;
And not a mischief reigns in earth or air,
But time destroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill shall haunt the walks of life,
No vice in vain the human heart deprave,
The poisonous flower, the tempest's raging strife
From greater pain, from greater ruin save.

Lavinia, form'd with every powerful grace,
With all that lights the flame of young desire ;
Pure ease of wit, and elegance of face,
A soul all fancy, and an eye all fire.

Lavinia !—Peace, my busy, fluttering breast !
Nor fear to languish in thy former pain :
At length she yields—she yields the needful rest ;
And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden star, that leads the radiant morn ;
Looks not so fair, fresh-rising from the main ;
But her bent eyebrow bears forbidding scorn,—
But Pride's fell furies every heartstring strain.

Lavinia, thanks to thy ungentle mind ;
I now behold thee with indifferent eyes ;
And Reason dares, though Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,
And fair proportions win the captive heart;
But let rank Pride the pleasing form debase,
And Love disgusted breaks his erring dart.

The youth that once the sculptured nymph ad-
[mired,
Had look'd with scornful laughter on her charms,
If the vain form, with recent life inspired,
Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd arms.

Go, thoughtless maid! of transient beauty vain,
Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;
Still mayst thou dream of splendour in thy train,
And smile superb, while love and flattery bend.

For me, sweet peace shall sooth my troubled mind,
And easy slumbers close my weary eyes;
Since Reason dares, though Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

WRITTEN AMONG THE

RUINS OF PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

1756.

RIGHT sung the bard, that all-involving age
With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow;
That war, wide-wasting, with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,
This mouldering mass of shapeless ruin rose,
Where nodding heights of fractured columns frown,
And birds obscene in ivy bowers repose:

Oft the pale matron from the threatening wall,
Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly;
Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
Full swiftly steps the frightened peasant by.

But more respectful views the' historic sage,
Musing, these awful relics of decay,
That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,
In Henry's and in Edward's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,
That erst have trod this desolated ground;
Reflects how here unhappy Salisbury bled,
When faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest, gentle Rivers! and ill fated Gray!
A flower or tear oft strews your humble grave,
Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,
And whom a monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah! what avail'd the' alliance of a throne?
The pomp of titles what, or power revered?
Happier! to these the humble life unknown,
With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,
When hapless here inglorious Richard lay,
Yet many a prince, whose blood full dearly bought
The shameful triumph of the long-fought day;

Yet many a hero, whose defeated hand
In death resign'd the well contested field,
Had in his offspring saved a sinking land,
The tyrant's terror, and the nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant grief forbear,
Should Memory trace her bleeding country's
woes ;

Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,
The' inglorious triumphs of the varied Rose !

While York, with conquest and revenge elate,
Insulting, triumphs on Saint Alban's plain,
Who views, nor pities Henry's hapless fate,
Himself a captive, and his leaders slain ?

Ah prince ! unequal to the toils of war,
To stem ambition, Faction's rage to quell ;
Happier ! from these had Fortune placed thee far,
In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day ?
That vanquish'd York, on Wakefield's purple green,
Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay ?

In vain fair Victory beam'd the gladdening eye,
And, waving oft her golden pinions, smiled ;
Full soon the flattering goddess meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field—but cease the dismal tale :
For much its horrors would the Muse appal,
In softer strains suffice it to bewail
The patriot's exile, or the hero's fall.

Thus silver Wharf¹, whose crystal-sparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,
Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,
But rolls, confused, a crimson wave no more.

¹ A river near the scene of battle, in which were slain 35,000 men.

TO THE REV. MR. LAMB.

LAMB, could the Muse that boasts thy forming
care,

Unfold the grateful feelings of my heart;
Her hand for thee should many a wreath prepare;
And cull the choicest flowers with studious art.

For mark'd by thee was each imperfect ray
That haply wander'd o'er my infant mind;
The dawn of genius brighten'd into day,
As thy skill open'd, as thy lore refined.

Each uncouth lay that falter'd from my tongue,
At eve or morn from Eden's murmurs caught;
Whate'er I painted, and whate'er I sung,
Though rude the strain, though artless was the
draught:

You wisely praised, and fed the sacred fire,
That warms the breast with love and honest fame;
You swell'd to nobler heights the infant lyre,
Raised the low thought, and check'd the' exu-
berant flame.

O could the Muse in future times obtain
One humble garland from the' Aonian tree!
With joy I'd bind thy favour'd brows again,
With joy I'd form a fairer wreath for thee.

POEMS ON HIS LADY.

TO MISS CRACROFT.

THE COMPLAINT OF HER RINGDOVE.

1759.

- ‘ FAR from the smiles of blue hesperian skies,
Far from those vales, where flowery pleasures
dwell,
(Dear scenes of freedom lost to these sad eyes!)
How hard to languish in this lonely cell!
- ‘ When genial gales relume the fires of love,
When laughing Spring leads round the jocund
year,
Ah! view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,
From every heartfelt joy secluded here!
- ‘ To me no more the laughing Spring looks gay;
Nor annual loves relume my languid breast;
Time slowly drags the long, delightless day,
Through one dull scene of solitary rest.
- ‘ Ah! what avails, that dreaming Fancy roves
Through the wild beauties of her native reign!
Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freshening
groves,
To wake to anguish in this hopeless chain?

‘ Though fondly sooth’d with Pity’s tenderest care,
Though still by Nancy’s gentle hand caress’d,
For the free forest, and the boundless air,
The rebel, Nature, murmurs in my breast.
‘ Ah, let not Nature, Nancy, plead in vain !
For kindness sure should grace a form so fair :
Restore me to my native wilds again,
To the free forest, and the boundless air.’

TO MISS CRACROFT.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

1761.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer !
Source of my joy ! and solace of my care !
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live.
To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye !
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away !

TO MISS CRACROFT.

ON THE MORAL REFLECTIONS CONTAINED IN HER
ANSWER TO THE ABOVE VERSES.

1761.

SWEET moralist! whose moving truths impart
At once delight and anguish to my heart!
Though human joys their shortlived sweets exhale
Like the wan beauties of the wasted vale, [last,
Yet trust the Muse, fair friendship's flower shall
When life's short sunshine, like its storms, is pass'd;
Bloom in the fields of some ambrosial shore,
Where Time, and Death, and Sickness, are no more,

AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

To Miss Cracroft.

1763.

WHILE yet my poplar yields a doubtful shade,
Its last leaves trembling to the Zephyr's sigh;
On this fair plain ere every verdure fade,
Or the last smiles of golden Autumn die;
Wilt thou, my Nancy, at this pensive hour,
O'er Nature's ruin hear thy friend complain;
While his heart labours with the' inspiring power,
And from his pen spontaneous flows the strain?
Thy gentle breast shall melt with kindred sighs,
Yet haply grieving o'er a parent's bier;
Poets are Nature's children; when she dies,
Affection mourns, and Duty drops a tear.

Why are ye silent, brethren of the grove,
Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre,
So sweetly tuned to tenderness and love,
Shall love no more, or tenderness, inspire?

O mix once more thy gentle lays with mine;
For well our passions, well our notes agree:
An absent love, sweet bird, may soften thine;
An absent love demands a tear from me.

Yet, ere ye slumber, songsters of the sky,
Through the long night of winter wild and drear,
O let us tune, ere Love and Fancy die,
One tender farewell to the fading year.

Farewell, ye wild hills, scatter'd o'er with spring!
Sweet solitudes, where Flora smiled unseen!
Farewell, each breeze of balmy-burden'd wing!
The violet's blue bank, and the tall wood green!

Ye tuneful groves of Belvidere, adieu! [rest!
Kind shades that whisper o'er my Craufurd's
From courts, from senates, and from camps to you,
When Fancy leads him, no inglorious guest.

Dear shades, adieu! where late the moral Muse,
Led by the dryad, Silence, oft reclined;
Taught Meanness to extend her little views,
And look on Nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell the walk along the woodland vale!
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!
Farewell the sweet breath of the early gale!
And the dear glories of the closing day!

The nameless charms of high poetic thought,
That Spring's green hours to Fancy's children
The words divine, Imagination wrote [bore;
On Slumber's light leaf by the murmuring
shore—

All, all adieu! From Autumn's sober power
Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful reign;
Gay Summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waste the glories of her train.

Yet Autumn yields her joys of humbler kind;
Sad o'er her golden ruins as we stray,
Sweet Melancholy soothes the musing mind,
And Nature charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous power, whom happy worlds adore!
With every scene some grateful change she
brings;

In Winter's wild snows, Autumn's golden store,
In glowing Summers and in blooming Springs!

O most beloved! the fairest and the best
Of all her works! may still thy lover find
Fair Nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;
Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then, when the spring of smiling youth is o'er;
When Summer's glories yield to Autumn's sway;
When golden Autumn sinks in Winter hoar,
And life declining yields its last weak ray;

In thy loved arms my fainting age shall close,
On thee my fond eye bend its trembling light:
Remembrance sweet shall sooth my last repose,
And my soul bless thee in eternal night.

TO MISS CRACROFT.

1763.

WHEN pale beneath the frowning shade of death,
No soothing voice of love, or friendship nigh,
While strong convulsions seized the labouring
breath,

And life suspended left each vacant eye ;

Where, in that moment, fled the immortal mind ?
To what new region did the spirit stray ?
Found it some bosom hospitably kind,
Some breast that took the wanderer in its way ?

To thee, my Nancy, in that deathful hour,
To thy dear bosom it once more return'd ;
And wrapp'd in Hackthorn's solitary bower,
The ruins of its former mansion mourn'd.

But, didst thou, kind and gentle as thou art,
O'er thy pale lover shed the generous tear ?
From those sweet eyes did Pity's softness start,
When Fancy laid him on the lowly bier ?

Didst thou to Heaven address the forceful prayer,
Fold thy fair hands, and raise the mournful eye,
Implore each power benevolent to spare,
And call down pity from the golden sky !

O born at once to bless me and to save,
Exalt my life, and dignify my lay !
Thou too shalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
And on thy brow shall bloom the deathless bay.

Dear shades of genius! heirs of endless fame!

That in your laureate crowns the myrtle wove,
Snatch'd from oblivion Beauty's sacred name,
And grew immortal in the arms of Love!

O may we meet you in some happier clime,
Some safer vale beneath a genial sky;
Whence all the woes that load the wing of time,
Disease, and death, and fear, and frailty fly!

SONNET,

IN THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

To Miss Carroft.

1765.

ON thy fair morn, O hope-inspiring May!
The sweetest twins that ever Nature bore,
Where Hackthorn's vale her field-flower garland
wore,

Young Love and Fancy met the genial day:
And, all as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
A nymph of gentlest mien their train before,
Came with a smile; and 'Swain (he cried), no
To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay: [more
Friends of thy heart, see Love and Fancy bring
Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms!
Delight that rifles all the fragrant spring!
Fair-handed Hope, that paints unfading charms!
And dovelike Faith, that waves her silver
wing.—

These, Swain, are thine; for Nancy meets thy arms.'

VERSES IN MEMORY OF HIS LADY,

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

Nec tantum ingenio, quantum servire dolori.

PROPERT.

LET others boast the false and faithless pride,
No nuptial charm to know ; or known, to hide ;
With vain disguise from Nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart ;
My verse the god of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.

Dear silent partner of those happier hours,
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's
If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here, [bowers !
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere ;
If yet that pity which, of life possess'd,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy breast ;
If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endless night may spare ;
Oh ! while my soul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding strains.
Wild, wretched wish ! Can prayer, with feeble
breath,

Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death ?
Let patience pray, let hope aspire to prayer !
And leave me the strong language of despair !
Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lytteltons, ye shining Petrarchs, go !

I hate the languor of your lenient strain,
Your flowery grief, your impotence of pain.
Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove
The searching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart
Their fire, or mix the life-drops of the heart!
Not like the streams that down the mountain side
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze that sighs at evening hour
On the soft bosom of some folding flower;
Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,
Had sooth'd the breast with burning anguish torn.
The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,
Far sounding floods that tear the mountain's steep;
Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating
waves— [breath,

This soothes my soul—'tis Nature's mournful
'Tis Nature struggling in the arms of Death!

See, the last aid of her expiring state,
See Love, e'en Love, has lent his darts to Fate!
Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies round my head;
When, crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,
Lived to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd;
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.

There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius, fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead;

¹ The lady died in childbirth.

All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.

O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!
Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pinions
wave,

We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave;
For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at last the luxury of woe!

Ye holy sufferers, that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate!
That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb;
With you I'll waste the slow-departing day,
And wear, with you, the' uncolour'd hours away.

Oh! lead me to your cells, your lonely aisles,
Where Resignation folds her arms and smiles;
Where holy Faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Constantia² sleeps:
There, let me there, in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd passions die.

MONODY.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

THE gentle pair that in these lonely shades,
Wandering, at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
Now, all in vain, I seek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn.
Along the grove, along the daisied green,
For them I've warbled many a summer's day,

² See Spectator, No. 164.

Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old,
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.
Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are
With them the meed of melody is fled, [dead!
And fled with them the listening ear of praise.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wintry sky
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
To sooth keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain:
That oft within the hospitable hall
Some scatter'd fragment haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb perchance for me design'd,
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird, those hopes are now no more!
Dull Time has blasted the departing year,
And Winter frowns severe,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.
Yet not within the hospitable hall
The cheerful sound of human voice I hear;
No piteous eye is near,
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

MONODIES.

ON HIS MOTHER.

1759.

AH, scenes beloved! ah, conscious shades,
That wave these parent-vales along!
Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.
For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
For her bewail these strains of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow,
Source of my life, that led my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears, [to grow.
That nursed my infant thought, and taught my mind
Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
Where youth's unwary footsteps stray:
She taught the struggling passions to subside;
Where sacred truth, and reason guide,
In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.
Lamented goodness! yet I see
The fond affections melting in her eye:
She bends its tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender sigh:

As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O best of parents ! let me pour
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed ;
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed——
Alas ! are these the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead ?

Then, fairy-featured Hope, forbear——
No more thy fond illusions spread :
Thy shadowy scenes dissolved in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled ;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine
Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign, [years.
Nor hopeful more to sooth her long-declining

TO THE MEMORY OF HANDEL.

1760.

SPIRITS of music, and ye powers of song,
That waked to painful melody the lyre
Of young Jessides, when in Sion's vale
He wept o'er bleeding friendship ; ye that mourn'd,
While freedom, drooping o'er Euphrates' stream,
Her pensive harp on the pale osier hung,
Begin once more the sorrow-soothing lay.

R

Ah! where shall now the Muse fit numbers find?
 What accents pure to greet thy tuneful shade,
 Sweet harmonist? 'twas thine, the tender fall
 Of pity's plaintive lay; for thee the stream
 Of silver-winding music sweeter play'd,
 And purer flow'd for thee—all silent now
 Those airs that, breathing o'er the breast of
 Thames¹,

Led amorous Echo down the long, long vale,
 Delighted; studious from thy sweeter strain
 To melodise her own; when fancy-lorn,
 She mourns in anguish o'er the drooping breast
 Of young Narcissus. From their amber urns,
 Parting their green locks streaming in the sun²,
 The Naiads rose and smiled: nor since the day,
 When first by music, and by freedom led
 From Grecian Acidale; nor since the day,
 When last from Arno's weeping fount they came,
 To smooth the ringlets of Sabrina's hair,
 Heard they like minstrelsy—fountains and shades
 Of Twit'nam, and of Windsor famed in song!
 Ye heights of Clermont, and ye bowers of Ham!
 That heard the fine strain vibrate through your
 groves,

Ah! where were then your long-loved Muses fled,
 When Handel breathed no more?—and thou,
 sweet Queen,
 That nightly rapp'd thy Milton's hallow'd ear
 In the soft ecstasies of Lydian airs;
 That since attuned to Handel's high-wound lyre

¹ The water-music.

² Rorantesque comas a fronte removit ad aures.

Ovid. Met.

The lay by thee suggested³; couldst not thou
Sooth with thy sweet song the grim 'fury's breast?

Cold hearted Death! his wanly glaring eye
Nor Virtue's smile attracts, nor Fame's loud
Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd [trump
To gentle sounds: the golden voice of song,
That charms the gloomy partner of his birth,
That soothes Despair and Pain, he hears no more
Than rude winds blustering from the Cambrian
cliffs

The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair fame,
To toil with slow steps up the star-crown'd hill,
Where Science, leaning on her sculptured urn,
Looks conscious on the secret-working hand
Of Nature; on the wings of genius borne,
To soar above the beaten walks of life,
Is, like the paintings of an evening cloud,
The' amusement of an hour. Night, gloomy night,
Spreads her black wings, and all the vision dies.

Ere long the heart, that heaves this sigh to thee,
Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond lay
Which mourns at Handel's tomb, insulting Time
Shall strew his cankering rust. Thy strain per-
chance,

Thy sacred strain shall the hoar warrior spare;
For sounds like thine, at Nature's early birth,
Aroused him slumbering on the dead profound
Of dusky chaos; by the golden harps
Of choral angels summon'd to his race:
And sounds like thine, when Nature is no more,

³ L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, set to music by Mr. Handel.

⁴ See Milton's Lycidas.

Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils
 Of twice ten thousand years. O would his hand
 Yet spare some portion of this vital flame,
 The trembling Muse, that now faint effort makes
 On young and artless wing, should bear thy praise
 Sublime above the mortal bounds of earth,
 With heavenly fire relume her feeble ray,
 And, taught by seraphs, frame her song for thee.

I feel, I feel the sacred impulse—hark!
 Waked from according lyres the sweet strains
 In symphony divine: from air to air [flow
 The trembling numbers fly: swift bursts away
 The flow of joy—now swells the flight of praise.
 Springs the shrill trump aloft; the toiling chords
 Melodious labour through the flying maze;
 And the deep base his strong sound rolls away,
 Majestically sweet——Yet, Handel, raise,
 Yet wake to higher strains thy sacred lyre:
 The Name of ages, the Supreme of things,
 The great Messiah asks it; He whose hand
 Led into form yon everlasting orbs,
 The harmony of Nature—He whose hand
 Stretch'd o'er the wilds of space this beauteous
 ball, [works

Whose spirit breathes through all his smiling
 Music and love——yet, Handel, raise the strain.

Hark! what angelic sounds, what voice divine
 Breathes through the ravish'd air! my rapt ear
 feels

The harmony of Heaven. Hail, sacred Choir!
 Immortal Spirits, hail! if haply those
 That erst in favour'd Palestine proclaim'd
 Glory and peace: her angel-haunted groves,

Her piny mountains, and her golden vales
 Reecho'd peace——But, oh! suspend the strain—
 The swelling joys too much for mortal bounds!
 'Tis transport even to pain.—

Yet, hark! what pleasing sounds invite mine
 So venerably sweet? 'Tis Sion's lute. [ear
 Behold her hero⁵! from his valiant brow
 Looks Judah's lion, on his thigh the sword
 Of vanquish'd Apollonius—the shrill trump
 Through Bethoron proclaims the' approaching
 I see the brave youth lead his little band [fight.
 With toil and hunger faint; yet from his arm
 The rapid Syrian flies. Thus Henry once,
 The British Henry, with his wayworn troop,
 Subdued the pride of France—Now louder blows
 The martial clangor: lo, Nicanor's host!
 With threatening turrets crown'd slowly ad-
 The ponderous elephants—— [vance
 The blazing sun, from many a golden shield
 Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!
 How shall thy force, thy little force sustain
 The dreadful shock? [song,
 The hero comes⁶—'Tis boundless mirth and
 And dance and triumph; every labouring string,
 And voice, and breathing shell, in concert strain
 To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy..

O master of the passions and the soul,
 Seraphic Handel! how shall words describe
 Thy music's countless graces, nameless powers!
 When he of Gaza⁷, blind, and sunk in chains,

⁵ Judas Maccabeus.

⁶ Chorus of youths, in Judas Maccabeus.

⁷ See the Oratorio of Samson.

On female treachery looks greatly down,
 How the breast burns indignant! in thy strain,
 When sweet-voiced Piety resigns to Heaven,
 Glows not each bosom with the flame of virtue?

O'er Jephthah's votive maid, when the soft lute
 Sounds the slow symphony of funeral grief,
 What youthful breast but melts with tender pity?
 What parent bleeds not with a parent's woe?

O longer than this worthless lay can live,
 While fame and music sooth the human ear,
 Be this thy praise; to lead the polish'd mind
 To Virtue's noblest heights; to light the flame
 Of British freedom, rouse the generous thought,
 Refine the passions, and exalt the soul
 To love, to heaven, to harmony and thee!



INSCRIBED TO MY WORTHY FRIEND

JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

BEING WRITTEN IN HIS GARDEN AT AMWELL, IN HERT-
 FORDSHIRE, THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1769.

FRIEND of my genius! on whose natal hour
 Shone the same star, but shone with brighter
 ray;

Oft as amidst thy Amwell's shades I stray,
 And mark thy true taste in each winding bower,
 From my full eye why falls the tender shower,
 While other thoughts than these fair scenes
 convey [away?
 Bear on my trembling mind, and melt its powers

Ah me! my friend! in happier hours I spread,
Like thee, the wild walk o'er the varied plain;
The fairest tribe of Flora's painted train,
Each bolder shrub that graced her genial bed,
When old Sylvanus, by young wishes led,
Stole to her arms, of such fair offspring vain,
That bore their mother's beauties on their head.
Like thee inspired by love—'twas Delia's charms,
'Twas Delia's taste the new creation gave;
For her my groves in plaintive sighs would wave,
And call her absent to their master's arms.

She comes—Ye flowers, your fairest blooms unfold,

Ye waving groves, your plaintive sighs forbear!
Breathe all your fragrance to the amorous air,
Ye smiling shrubs whose heads are clothed with gold!

She comes! by Truth, by fair Affection led,
The long-loved mistress of my faithful heart!
The mistress of my soul, no more to part,
And all my hopes and all my vows are sped.
Vain, vain delusions! dreams for ever fled!
Ere twice the spring had waked the genial hour,
The lovely parent bore one beauteous flower,
And droop'd her gentle head,
And sunk, for ever sunk, into her silent bed.

Friend of my genius! partner of my fate!
To equal sense of painful suffering born!
From whose fond breast a lovely parent torn,
Bedew'd thy pale cheek with a tear so late—
Oh! let us, mindful of the short, short date,

That bears the spoil of human hopes away,
Indulge sweet memory of each happier day!

No! close, for ever close the iron gate
Of cold oblivion on that dreary cell,
Where the pale shades of past enjoyments dwell;
And, pointing to their bleeding bosoms, say,
On life's disastrous hour what varied woes await!

Let scenes of softer gentler kind

Awake to Fancy's soothing call,
And milder on the pensive mind

The shadow'd thought of grief shall fall.

Oft as the slowly closing day
Draws her pale mantle from the dew-star's eye,
What time the shepherd's cry

Leads from the pastured hills his flocks away,
Attentive to the tender lay

That steals from Philomela's breast,

Let us in musing silence stray,

Where Lea beholds in mazes slow

His uncomplaining waters flow,

And all his whispering shores invite the charms
of rest.

INSCRIPTIONS.

ON THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread
This mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with the free, untainted mind;
The nurse, the pedant, leave behind;
And all that superstition, fraught
With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—
Each thought that reason can't retain,—
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
And range these various volumes o'er,
Trust blindly to no favourite pen,
Remembering authors are but men.
Has fair Philosophy thy love?
Away! she lives in yonder grove.
If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives;—
With her in yonder grove she lives:
And if Religion claims thy care;
Religion, fled from books, is there.
For first from Nature's works we drew
Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

IN A TEMPLE OF SOCIETY.

SACRED rise these walls to thee,
Blithe-eyed nymph, Society!
In whose dwelling, free and fair,
Converse smooths the brow of Care:
Who, when waggish Wit betray'd
To his arms a silvan maid,
All beneath a myrtle tree,
In some vale of Arcady,
Sprung, I ween, from such embrace,
The lovely contrast in her face.

Perchance, the Muses as they stray'd,
Seeking other spring, or shade,
On the sweet child cast an eye
In some vale of Arcady;
And blithest of the sisters three,
Gave her to Euphrosyne.

The grace, delighted, taught her care
The cordial smile, the placid air;
How to chase, and how restrain
All the fleet, ideal train;
How with apt words, well combined,
To dress each image of the mind—
Taught her how they disagree,
Awkward fear and modesty,
And freedom and rusticity.
True politeness how to know
From the superficial show;
From the coxcomb's shallow grace,
And the many-model'd face:

That Nature's unaffected ease
More than studied forms would please—
When to check the sportive vein;
When to Fancy yield the rein;
On the subject when to be
Grave or gay, reserved or free:
The speaking air, the' impassion'd eye,
The living soul of symmetry;
And that soft sympathy which binds
In magic chains congenial minds.

IN A SEQUESTERED GROTTO.

1763.

SWEET Peace, that lovest the silent hour,
The still retreat of leisure free;
Associate of each gentle power,
And eldest born of Harmony!
O, if thou own'st this mossy cell,
If thine this mansion of repose;
Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,
With thee my wakeful eye to close.
And though those glittering scenes should fade,
That Pleasure's rosy train prepares;
What votary have they not betray'd?
What are they more than splendid cares?
But smiling days, exempt from care,
But nights, when sleep and silence reign;
Serenity, with aspect fair,
And Love, and Joy, are in thy train.

ANOTHER IN THE SAME GROTTTO.

1756.

O FAIREST of the village born,
Content, inspire my careless lay!
Let no vain wish, no thought forlorn,
Throw darkness o'er the smiling day.
Forget'st thou, when we wander'd o'er
The silvan Belau's¹ sedgy shore,
Or ranged the woodland wilds along;
How oft on Herclay's² mountains high
We've met the morning's purple eye,
Delay'd by many a song?

From thee, from those by fortune led;
To all the farce of life confined;
At once each native pleasure fled,
For thou, sweet nymph, wast left behind.
Yet could I once, once more survey
Thy comely form in mantle gray,
Thy polish'd brow, thy peaceful eye;
Where'er, forsaken fair, you dwell,
Though in this dim sequester'd cell,
With thee I'd live and die.

¹ A small river in Westmoreland.

² A romantic village in the abovementioned county, formerly the seat of the Herclays, Earls of Carlisle.

ON A BEECH TREE,

IN THE ISLAND OF SICILY.

SWEET land of Muses! o'er whose favour'd plains
 Ceres and Flora held alternate sway;
 By Jove refresh'd with life-diffusing rains,
 By Phœbus bless'd with every kinder ray.

O with what pride do I those times survey,
 When Freedom, by her rustic minstrels led,
 Danced on the green lawn many a summer's day,
 While pastoral ease reclined her careless head.

In these soft shades: ere yet that shepherd fled,
 Whose music pierced earth, air, and heaven,
 and hell,

And call'd the ruthless tyrant of the dead
 From the dark slumbers of his iron cell.

His ear unfolding caught the magic spell:
 He felt the sounds glide softly through his
 heart; [to tell;
 The sounds that deign'd of Love's sweet power
 And, as they told, would point his golden dart.

Fix'd was the god; nor power had he to part,
 For the fair daughter of the sheaf-crown'd queen,
 Fair without pride, and lovely without art,
 Gather'd her wild flowers on the daisied green.

He saw, he sigh'd; and that unmelting breast,
 Which arms the hand of death, the power of love
 confess'd.

MISCELLANIES.

THE DUCHESS OF MAZARINE.

ON HER RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

YE holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,
These scenes where salutary sadness dwells;
Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;
O bid these passions for the world depart,
These wild desires, and vanities of heart,
Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,
And yield to Heaven the victory at last:
To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.

Lord of my life! my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty, greet thy holy shrine:
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.
The power that gave these little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confined their space;
Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,
Tear from the cheek the transient rose away:
But the free mind, ten thousand ages pass'd,
Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy!
Of all that feels the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the search, and short the date;

Yet e'en that boon what thousands wish to gain!
That boon of death, the sad resource of pain;

Once on my path all Fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell:
Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,
And vanity there fed her meteor fires,
This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,—
An hour of innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life! O, let thy sacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away;
Deluding, flattering, faithless world, adieu!
Long hast thou taught me, God is only true!
That God alone I trust, alone adore;
No more deluded, and misled no more.

Come, sacred hour, when wavering doubts shall
cease!

Come, holy scenes of long repose and peace!
Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?
Of pensive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise.

Great, gracious Master! whose unbounded
sway, [obey;
Felt through ten thousand worlds, those worlds
Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,
And deign to' espouse the creature thou hast made?
All other ties indignant I disclaim,
Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties for which such tears I've shed,
For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!
That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm;
That world without you still might have its charm,
But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,
And seek the peaceful studies of repose;

Look on the past as time that stole away,
And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,
Scenes of high treats and heart-bewitching balls!
Dress, figure, splendour, charms of play, farewell,
And all the toilet's science to excel;
E'en Love that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,
No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there:
Go, erring love! for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven!

Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,
At once the period of their power and pride;
The helpless lover shall no more complain
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;
While calmly sleep in each untortured breast
My secret sorrow, and his sighs profess'd.

Go, flattering train! and, slaves to me no more,
With the same sighs some happier fair adore!
Your alter'd faith I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet, (what woman is not frail?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that loved me knew no other love!

Yet were that ardour, which his breast inspired,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fired;
What nobler pride! could I to Heaven resign
The zeal, the service that I boasted mine!
O, change your false desires, ye flattering train,
And love me pious, whom ye loved profane!

These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakness show;
But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,
May spare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.

CÆSAR'S DREAM,

BEFORE HIS INVASION OF BRITAIN.

1758.

WHEN rough Helvetia's hardy sons obey,
And vanquish'd Belgia bows to Cæsar's sway;
When, scarce beheld, embattled nations fall,
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithless Gaul;
Tired Freedom leads her savage sons no more,
But flies, subdued, to Albion's utmost shore.

'Twas then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping
And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of Care; [air,
Divine Ambition to her votary came:
Her left hand, waving, bore the trump of Fame;
Her right a regal sceptre seem'd to hold,
With gems far blazing from the burnish'd gold:
And thus, 'My Son (the queen of glory said),
Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.
Shall Night's dull chains the man of counsels bind?
Or Morpheus rule the monarch of mankind?
See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword!
Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord;
See yon proud isle, whose mountains meet the sky,
Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy;
What, though by Nature's firmest bars secured,
By seas encircled, and with rocks immured,
Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,
Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave?

She spoke—her words the warrior's breast in-
flame

With rage indignant, and with conscious shame;

Already beat, the swelling floods give way,
And the fell genii of the rocks obey:
Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,
And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies,
Quick round their chief his active legions stand,
Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand.
The hero rose majestically slow,
And look'd attention to the crowds below:—

‘ Romans and Friends! is there who seeks for
rest,
By labours vanquish'd, and with wounds oppress'd?
That respite Cæsar shall with pleasure yield,
Due to the toils of many a well fought field.
Is there who shrinks at thought of dangers past,
The ragged mountain, or the pathless waste—
While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose,
Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows?
Let him retire to Latium's peaceful shore;
He once has toil'd; and Cæsar asks no more.
Is there a Roman whose unshaken breast
No pains have conquer'd, and no fears depress'd?
Who, doom'd through Death's dread ministers to
Dares to chastise the insults of a foe; [go:
Let him, his country's glory and her stay,
With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.
A form divine, in heavenly splendour bright,
Whose look threw radiance round the pall of night,
With calm severity approach'd and said,—
‘ Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head:
What! shall a Roman sink in soft repose,
And tamely see the Britons aid his foes?
See them secure the rebel Gaul supply,
Spurn his vain eagles, and his power defy?

Go! burst their barriers, obstinately brave;
Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave.'

Here paused the Chief, but waited no reply,
The voice assenting spoke from every eye;
Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,
Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.

FRAGMENT,

WRITTEN AT CLARE HALL, ON THE KING'S ACCESSION.
1760.

* * * * *

WHILE every gale the voice of triumph brings,
And smiling Victory waves her purple wings:
While earth and ocean yield their subject powers,
Neptune his waves and Cybele her towers
Yet will you deign the Muse's voice to hear,
And let her welcome greet a monarch's ear?
Yes; midst the toils of glory ill repaid,
Oft has the monarch sought her soothing aid.
See Frederic court her in the rage of war,
Though rapid vengeance urge his hostile car:
With her reposed in philosophic rest,
The sage's sunshine smooths the warrior's breast.

Whate'er Arcadian fancy feign'd of old
Of halcyon days, and minutes plumed with gold;
Whate'er adorn'd the wisest, gentlest reign,
From you she hopes—let not her hopes be vain!
Rise, ancient suns! advance, Pierian days!
Flow, Attic streams! and spring, Aonian bays!
Cam, down thy wave in brisker mazes glide,
And see new honours crown thy hoary side!

Thy osiers old see myrtle groves succeed !
 And the green laurel meet the waving reed !
 To thee coy Science shall disclose her charms,
 No more reluctant in thy favour'd arms.
 Yes, Science, Cam, shall glory in thy name,
 And Granta flourish in immortal fame !
 For, hark ! what voice loud echoes o'er her plains ;
 'The friend of Freedom and of Britain reigns !'
 Cheer'd by his smile, yet shall the Muse aspire,
 And strain to nobler heights her heavenly lyre.
 For him she seeks, to grace her song sublime,
 The flowers of learning, and the spoils of time.
 For him shall Memory pierce through every age,
 And History form her manners-painting page ;
 Recorded there shall future ages find
 The godlike virtues of his royal mind ;
 In lofty numbers all his triumphs sing,
 And hail the era of a patriot king.

* * * * *

FRAGMENT.

1762.

'Twas on Time's birthday, when the voice divine
 Waked sleeping Nature, while her infant eye,
 Yet trembling, struggled with created light ;
 The heaven-born Muse, sprung from the source
 Of Harmony immortal, first received [sublime
 Her sacred mandate :—'Go, seraphic maid,
 Companion still to Nature ! from her works
 Derive thy lay melodious ; great, like those,
 And elegantly simple. In thy train,
 Glory, and deathless fame, and fair renown,

Attendant ever, each immortal name,
 By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault
 Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.
 Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
 The firm heart, where the love of humankind
 Inflames the patriot spirit, there to sooth
 The toils of virtue with melodious praise :
 For those that smiling seraph bids thee wake
 His golden lyre; for those the young-eyed sun
 Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial spring
 Throws many a green wreath, liberal, from his
 bosom.'

So spake the voice divine; the raptured Muse
 In strains like these, but nobler, framed her lay.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
 By martial glory raised, and deeds august,
 Achieved for Britain's freedom! Patriot hearts,
 That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening arm,
 Embraced your bleeding country! o'er the page,
 Where history triumphs in your holy names,
 O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
 Why streams my eye with pleasure? 'Tis the joy,
 The soft delight that through the full breast flows,
 From sweet remembrance of departed virtue!

O Britain, parent of illustrious names,
 While o'er thy annals Memory shoots her eye,
 How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering
 And emulous esteem! Hail, Sidney, hail! [love,
 Whether Arcadian blithe, by fountain clear,
 Piping thy love lays wild, or Spartan bold,
 In Freedom's van distinguish'd, Sidney, hail!
 Oft o'er thy laurel'd tomb from hands unseen

¹ Exultat animus maximorum virorum memoriam percur-
 rens. VAL. MAX.

Is there a prince untainted with a throne,
 That makes the interest of mankind his own :
 Whose bounty knows no bounds of time or place ;
 Who nobly feels for all the human race :
 A prince that acts in Reason's steady sphere,
 No slave to passion, and no dupe to fear ;
 A breast where mild humanity resides,
 Where virtue dictates, and where wisdom guides ;
 A mind that, stretch'd beyond the years of youth,
 Explores the secret springs of taste and truth ?
 These, these are virtues which the Muse shall sing ;
 And plant, for these, her laurels round a king !
 Britannia's monarch ! this shall be thy praise ;
 For this be crown'd with never fading bays !

MENALCAS.

A Pastoral.

Now cease your sweet pipes, shepherds ! cease
 your lays,
 Ye warbling train, that fill the echoing groves
 With your melodious love notes ! Die, ye winds,
 That o'er Arcadian valleys blow ! Ye streams,
 Ye garrulous old streams, suspend your course,
 And listen to Menalcas.—

MENALCAS.

Come, fairest of the beauteous train that sport
 On Ladon's flowery side, my Delia, come !
 For thee thy shepherd, silent as he sits
 Within the green wood, sighs : for thee prepares
 The various wreaths in vain ; explores the shade
 Where lowly lurks the violet blue, where droops,

In tender beauty, its fair spotted bells,
The cowslip: oft with plaintive voice he calls
The wakeful echo—What are streams or flowers,
Or songs of blithe birds? What the blushing rose,
Young health, or music, or the voice of praise,
The smile of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
Of evening gales, when Delia dwells afar?



LEFT WITH

THE MINISTER OF RIPONDEN,

A ROMANTIC VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE.

1758.

THRICE happy you, whoe'er you are,
From life's low cares secluded far,

In this sequester'd vale!—

Ye rocks on precipices piled!

Ye ragged deserts, waste and wild!

Delightful horrors, hail!

What joy within these sunless groves,
Where lonely Contemplation roves,

To rest in fearless ease!

Save weeping rills, to see no tear,

Save dying gales, no sigh to hear,

No murmur, but the breeze.

Say, would you change that peaceful cell,
Where Sanctity and Silence dwell,

For Splendour's dazzling blaze?

For all those gilded toys that glare

Round high-born Power's imperial chair,

Inviting fools to gaze?

Ah, friend! Ambition's prospects close,
And, studious of your own repose,
Be thankful here to live:
For, trust me, one protecting shed,
And nightly peace, and daily bread,
Is all that life can give.

WRITTEN IN .

A COLLECTION OF MAPS.

1765.

REALMS of this globe, that ever circling run,
And rise alternate to embrace the sun;
Shall I with envy at my lot repine,
Because I boast so small a portion mine?
If e'er in thought of Andalusia's vines,
Golconda's jewels, or Potosi's mines;
In these, or those, if vanity forgot
The humbler blessings of my little lot;
Then may the stream that murmurs near my door,
The waving grove that loves its mazy shore,
Withhold each soothing pleasure that they gave,
No longer murmur, and no longer wave!

TO MRS. *****.

IN TEARS FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

1762.

So feeble Nature weeps o'er Friendship's grave,
 And mourns the rigour of that law she gave:
 Yet, why not weep? When in that grave expire
 All Pembroke's elegance, all Waldegrave's fire,
 No more those eyes in soft effulgence move,
 No more that bosom feels the spark of love.
 O'er those pale cheeks the drooping graces mourn,
 And Fancy tears her wild wreath o'er that urn.
 There Hope at Heaven once cast a doubtful eye,
 Content repined, and Patience stole a sigh.
 Fair Friendship grieved o'er ——'s sacred bier,
 And Virtue wept, for **** dropp'd a tear.

 IMITATION OF WALLER.

Waller to St. Ebremond.

O VALES of Penshurst, now so long unseen!
 Forgot each shade secure, each winding green;
 Those lonely paths, what art have I to tread,
 Where once young Love the blind enthusiast led?
 Yet if the genius of your conscious groves
 His Sidney in my Sacharissa loves;
 Let him with pride her cruel power unfold;
 By him my pains let Evremond be told.

WRITTEN
IN A COTTAGE GARDEN,

AT A VILLAGE IN LORRAIN.

OCCASIONED BY A TRADITION CONCERNING A TREE OF
ROSEMARY.

Arbustum loquitur.

O THOU, whom love and fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever music smooth'd thy quill,
Or pity waked thy gentle reed;
Repose beneath my humble tree,
If thou lovest simplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid
In toilsome scenes of busy life,
Full sorely mayst thou rue the strife
Of weary passions ill repaid.
In a garden live with me,
If thou lovest simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year
O'er the village maiden's grave,
That, one memorial sprig to save,
Bore it from a sister's bier;
And, homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of simplicity.

And soon, her cottage window near,
With care my slender stem she placed;
And fondly thus her grief embraced;
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear:
For love sincere, and friendship free,
Are children of simplicity.

When pass'd was many a painful day,
Slow pacing o'er the village green,
In white were all its maidens seen,
And bore my guardian friends away.
Ah, death! what sacrifice to thee,
The ruins of simplicity.

One generous swain her heart approved,
A youth whose fond and faithful breast
With many an artless sigh confess'd,
In Nature's language, that he lov'd:
But, stranger, 'tis no tale to thee,
Unless thou lovest simplicity.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,
And soon her rosy cheek was pale;
The village wept to hear the tale,
When for both the slow bell toll'd—
Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,
The lovers of simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave;
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And strew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lovest simplicity.

SONG.

'Tis o'er, the pleasing prospect's o'er!
My weary heart can hope no more—
Then welcome, wan despair;
Approach with all thy dreadful train!
Wild anguish, discontent, and pain,
And thorny-pillow'd care!

Gay hope, and ease, and joy, and rest,
All, all that charms the peaceful breast,
For ever I resign.
Let pale anxiety instead,
That has not where to lay her head,
And lasting woe be mine.

It comes! I feel the painful woe—
My eyes for Solyman will flow
In silent grief again;
Who, wandering o'er some mountain drear,
Now haply sheds the pensive tear,
And calls on me in vain.

Perhaps, along the lonely shores,
He now the sea's blue breast explores,
To watch the distant sail;
Perhaps, on Sundah's hills forlorn,
He faints, with aching toil o'erborne,
And life's last spirits fail.

Ah, no! the cruel thought forbear;
Avaunt, thou fiend of fell despair,

That only death canst give !
While Heaven eternal rules above,
Almena yet may find her love,
And Solyman may live !

TO A LADY,

ON READING AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY HER ON THE
SEARCH OF HAPPINESS.

To seek the lovely nymph you sing,
I've wander'd many a weary mile,
From grove to grove, from spring to spring ;
If here or there she deign'd to smile,

Nay, what I now must blush to say,
For sure it happ'd in evil hour ;
I once so far mistook my way,
To seek her in the haunts of power.

How should success my search betide,
When still so far I wander'd wrong ?
For Happiness, on Arrowe's side,
Was listening to Maria's song.

Delighted thus with you to stay,
What hope have I the nymph to see ;
Unless you cease your magic lay,
Or bring her in your arms to me ?

A CONTEMPLATION.

O NATURE! grateful for the gifts of mind,
Duteous I bend before thy holy shrine;
To other hands be fortune's goods assign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine!

Bring gentlest Love, bring Fancy to my breast;
And if wild Genius in his devious way
Would sometimes deign to be my evening guest,
Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray;

I ask no more! for happier gifts than these,
The sufferer, man, was never born to prove;
But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
If lost to genius, fancy, and to love!

THE HAPPY VILLAGER,

VIRTUE dwells in Arden's vale;
There her hallow'd temples rise:
There her incense greets the skies,
Grateful as the morning gale;
There, with humble Peace, and her,
Lives the happy villager.

There, the golden smiles of morn
Brighter every field adorn;
There the sun's declining ray
Fairer paints the parting day:

There the woodlark louder sings,
Zephyr moves on softer wings,
Groves in greener honours rise,
Purer azure spreads the skies ;
There the fountains clearer flow,
Flowers in brighter beauty blow ;
For with Peace and Virtue there
Lives the happy villager.

Distant still from Arden's vale
Are the woes the bad bewail ;
Distant fell Remorse and Pain,
And Frenzy smiling o'er her chain !
Grief's quick pang, Despair's dead groan,
Are in Arden's vale unknown :
For with Peace and Virtue there
Lives the happy villager.

In his hospitable cell,
Love, and Truth, and Freedom dwell ;
And, with aspect mild and free,
The graceful nymph, Simplicity.
Hail, ye liberal graces, hail !
Natives all of Arden's vale :
For with Peace and Virtue there
Lives the happy villager.

TO A REDBREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed !
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me ;

Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal,
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye:
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again
Well thou know'st the broken pane.
Ask of me thy daily store;
Go not near Avaro's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woful end shall thee befall.
Savage!—He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

TO THE

AUTHOR OF ARMINE AND ELVIRA¹.

TRUE to the cares that led thy early youth
Through paths where science points to taste and
truth;

True to the hopes that letter'd labour knows,
Watching the bloom of genius as it blows;

¹ A legendary tale, in two parts, by Edmund Cartwright.
M. A.

True to the generous pleasures that attend,
When smiling fruits the cultured branches bend;
Oh, with that Muse, who gifts like these can
give,

Live in long favour, long affection, live!

For me, who, once with happier fortunes
bless'd,

Felt in the feast of life a finer zest;
Who gain'd, unloaded with the weight of years,
The port where every human vessel steers;
Since Death, with Nature's noblest works at
strife,

Quench'd the fair star that smiled upon my life:
For me, what charms, what lenitives remain,
Save the soft measures of some soothing strain?
And such were thine²: when in that lowly shade
Where, now long lost, my tender hopes are laid,
Thy tuneful woe stole sweetly on my ear,
And thy eye swell'd the universal tear.

For such fair service may thy gentle heart,
Where once I held, and long would hold a part,
Should it beneath almighty love's control
Sigh for the mutuality of soul,
Meet each mild virtue in its future fair,
Like Armine love, and find Elvira there.

² Alluding to Constantia, an elegy to the memory of Mrs. Langhorne.

H Y M N S.

TO HOPE.

1761.

Μετῇ δ' αὐτοῦ ἙΛΠΙΣ ἐν ἀρεταῖσι δομοῖσιν
Ἐνδον ἱμῖντε ————— HES.

SUN of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps a while,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

O come with such an eye and mien,
As when by amorous shepherd seen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
Repose, Belief, and Fancy vain,
That, towering on her wing sublime,
Outstrips the lazy flight of Time,
Riots on distant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.

O, come! and to my pensive eye
Thy far foreseeing tube apply,
Whose kind deception steals us o'er
The gloomy waste that lies before;

Still opening to the distant sight
 The sunshine of the mountain's height;
 Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,
 Elysian groves, and azure skies.

Nor, gentle Hope, forget to bring
 The family of Youth and Spring;
 The Hours that glide in sprightly round,
 The Mountain Nymphs with wild thyme crown'd;
 Delight that dwells with raptured eye
 On stream, or flower, or field, or sky:
 And foremost in thy train advance
 The Loves and Joys in jovial dance;
 Nor last be Expectation seen,
 That wears a wreath of evergreen.

Attended thus by Belau's streams,
 Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking dreams,
 When, prone beneath an Eolian shade,
 At large my vacant hours were laid;
 To thee and Fancy all resigned,
 What visions wander'd o'er my mind!
 Illusions dear, adieu! no more
 Shall I your fairy haunts explore;
 For Hope withholds her golden ray,
 And Fancy's colours faint away.
 To Eden's shores, to Enon's groves,
 Resounding once with Delia's loves,
 Adieu! that name shall sound no more
 O'er Enon's groves or Eden's shore:
 For Hope withholds her golden ray,
 And Fancy's colours faint away.
 Life's ocean slept,—the liquid gale
 Gently moved the waving sail.
 Fallacious Hope! with flattering eye
 You smiled to see the streamers fly.

The thunder bursts, the mad wind raves :
From slumber wake the frightened waves :
You saw me, fled me thus distress'd,
And tore your anchor from my breast.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again !
I love thee still, though false and vain :
Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.—
To sooth Ambition's wild desires ;
To feed the lover's eager fires ;
To swell the miser's mouldy store ;
To gild the dreaming chemist's ore ;
Are these thy cares ? or, more humane,
To loose the war-worn captive's chain,
And bring before his languid sight
The charms of liberty and light :
The tears of drooping Grief to dry ;
And hold thy glass to Sorrow's eye ?

Or dost thou more delight to dwell
With Silence in the hermit's cell ?
To teach Devotion's flame to rise,
And wing her vespers to the skies ;
To urge, with still returning care,
The holy violence of prayer ;
In rapturous visions to display
The realms of everlasting day,
And snatch from Time the golden key,
That opens all eternity ?
Perchance, on some unpeopled strand
Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,
Thy soothing smile, in deserts drear,
A lonely mariner may cheer,
Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by Famine, Pain, and Death.

With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to stray :
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain
O'er the blue bosom of the main ;
And meet, where distant surges rave,
A white sail in each foaming wave.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connexion of the heart,
You the poor exile's steps attend,
The only undeserting friend :
You wing the slow declining year ;
You dry the solitary tear ;
And oft, with pious guile, restore
Those scenes he must behold no more.

O most adored of earth or skies !
To thee ten thousand temples rise ;
By age retain'd, by youth caress'd,
The same dear idol of the breast :
Deprived of thee, the wretch were poor
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore ;
With thee the simple hind is gay,
Whose toil supports the passing day.

The rose-lipp'd Loves that, round their queen,
Dance o'er Cythera's smiling green,
Thy aid implore, thy power display
In many a sweetly warbled lay.
For ever in thy sacred shrine
Their unextinguish'd torches shine ;
Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,
And myrtles shed their balmy dews.
Ah ! still propitious, mayst thou deign
To sooth an anxious lover's pain !
By thee deserted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.

His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And stop the frequent-falling tear.

For me, fair Hope, if once again,
Perchance, to smile on me you deign,
Be such your sweetly rural air,
And such a graceful visage wear,
As when, with Truth and young Desire,
You waked the lord of Hagley's lyre;
And painted to her Poet's mind,
The charms of Lucy, fair and kind.

But ah! too early lost!—then go,
Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah! no;—that thought distracts my heart:
Indulge me, Hope, we must not part.
Direct the future as you please;
But give me, give me present ease,

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps a while,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

TO PLUTUS.

GREAT god of wealth, before whose sacred throne
Truth, honour, genius, fame, and worth lie prone!
To thy throng'd temples take one votary more:
To thee a poet never kneel'd before.

Adieu the gods that caught my early prayer!
Wisdom that frown'd, and Knowledge fraught
with care;
Friendship that every veering gale could move;
And tantalizing Hope, and faithless Love!

These, these are slaves that in thy livery shine :
For Wisdom, Friendship, Love himself is thine !

For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,
And leave the confines of enlivening day ;
For thee Asturia's shining sands explore,
And bear the splendour's of Potosi's ore ;
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging sea,
And think, and toil, and wish, and wake for thee.
Farewell the scenes that thoughtless youth could
please ;

The flowery scenes of indolence and ease.
Where you the way with magic power beguile,
Bassora's deep, or Libya's deserts smile.

Foes of thy worth, that, insolent and vain,
Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign ;
The frantic tribe of virtue shall depart,
And make no more their ravage in my heart.
Away ' The tears that pity taught to flow !'
Away that anguish for a brother's woe !
Adieu to these, and every tiresome guest
That drain'd my fortunes or destroy'd my rest !

Ah, good Avaro ! could I thee despise ?
Thee, good Avaro ; provident and wise ?
Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've said !
I love Avaro ; poor Avaro's dead.

Yet, yet I'm thine ; for Fame's unerring tongue
In thy sooth'd ear thus pours her silver song :
' Immortal Plutus ! god of golden ease !
Form'd every heart, and every eye to please !
For thee Content her downy carpet spreads,
And rosy Pleasure swells her genial beds.
'Tis thine to gild the mansions of Despair,
And beam a glory round the brows of Care ;
To cheat the lazy pace of sleepless hours
With marble fountains, and ambrosial bowers.'

O, grant me, Plutus, scenes like those I sung,
My youthful lyre when vernal fancy strung.
For me their shades let other Studleys rear,
Though each tree's water'd with a widow's tear.

Detested god!—forgive me! I adore.
Great Plutus, grant me one petition more.
Should Delia, tender, generous, fair, and free,
Leave love and truth, and sacrifice to thee;
I charge thee, Plutus, be to Delia kind,
And make her fortunes richer than her mind.
Be hers the wealth all Heaven's broad eye can
view;
Grant her, good god, Don Philip and Peru.

TO HUMANITY.

PARENT of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

Come, ever welcome to my breast,
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming Sorrow dwell;
For Sorrow, long-indulged and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And Grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears Sensibility away:
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe:
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes
E'er make this pleasing sense depart;
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor, borne along the favouring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent:
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through Poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destined to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or depress'd,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclined;

The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.

Alike the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O, for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, raised to Heaven, implored the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or when the heart o'er Friendship's grave
Sigh'd,—and forgot its power to save—
O, for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart oppress'd.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To Heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.

Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity.

Parent of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

TO THE RISING SUN.

FROM the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!
See the golden god appear;
Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable Grief, and Care, and Pain!
See the golden god advance!
On Taurus' heights his coursers prance:
With him haste the vernal hours,
Breathing sweets, and dropping flowers.
Laughing Summer, at his side,
Waves her locks in rosy pride;
And Autumn bland with aspect kind,
Bears his golden sheaf behind.
O haste, and spread the purple day
O'er all the wide etherial way!
Nature mourns at thy delay:
God of glory, haste away!

From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head ;
O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light !

A FAREWELL HYMN

TO THE
VALLEY OF IRWAN.

FAREWELL the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led ;
And sooth'd me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale :
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red ;
No longer I their sweets inhale :
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye !
How oft along those banks I've stray'd,
And watch'd the wave that wander'd by !
Full long their loss shall I bewail :
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale!

TO

THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

LIFE of the world, Immortal Mind!
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on Nature's ample breast;
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise,
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.
Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its towering mind to thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.
And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of Man,
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal Source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours:

To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through Error's maze, through Folly's night,
The lamp of Reason lends me light.
When stern Affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When Nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
E'en then she finds in thee repose:

To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay Love with all his smiling train,
And Peace, and Joy are here again.
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give;
I trusted; and, behold, I live!

To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love:
Let truth and virtue guide my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart:
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise!
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION¹.

1759.

ADONIS dead¹, the Muse of woe shall mourn ;
Adonis dead, the weeping Loves return.

The queen of beauty o'er his tomb shall shed
Her flowing sorrows for Adonis dead ;

¹ Bion, the pastoral poet lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet *Σμυρναῖος*, every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moschus confirms this, when he says to the river Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

— Νυν παλιν αλλον
Ἵνα δακρυαις —

It is evident, however, that he spent much of his time in Sicily. Moschus, as he tells us, was his scholar; and by him we are informed, that his master was not a poor poet. 'Thou hast left to others thy riches (says he), but to me thy poetry.' It appears from the same author that he died by poison. The best edition of his works, is that of Paris, by M. de Longepierre, with a French translation.

² Adonis, the favourite of Venus, was the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief employment was hunting, though he is represented by Virgil as a shepherd,

Oves ad flumina pavit Adonis.

He was killed by a wild boar, if we may believe Propertius, in Cyprus.

For earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
 And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
 Adonis dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;
 Adonis dead, the weeping Loves return.
 Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies;
 Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
 Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,
 In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!
 From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly;
 And death dims slow the ghastly-gazing eye.
 Kiss, kiss those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
 With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
 'Tis vain—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!
 Adonis feels the warm salute no more.
 Adonis dead, the Muse of woe shall mourn;
 Adonis dead, the weeping Loves return.
 His faithful dogs³ bewail their master slain,
 And mourning dryads pour the plaintive strain.

———— Percussit Adonim
 Venantem Idalio vertice durus Aper.

The anniversary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Aristophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feast of Adonis among the chief festivals of the Athenians. The Syrians observed it with all the violence of grief, and the greatest cruelty of self-castigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian the apostate made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feast of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus says, that he was the favourite of Bacchus. Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the same; and that the Jews abstained from swine's flesh because Adonis was killed by a boar. Ausonius, Epig. 30, affirms that Bacchus, Osiris, and Adonis, are one and the same.

³ The lines in the original run thus:

Αγριον αγριον ελκεσχει κατα μηρον Αδονις.
 Μιζον δ' α Κυβερεια φερει ποτι καρδιον ελκεσχει.

In melting tears the mountain springs comply;
The flowers, low drooping, blush⁶ with grief,
and die.

Cythera's groves with strains of sorrow ring;
The dirge funereal her sad cities sing⁷,
Hark! pitying echoes Venus' sighs return;
When Venus sighs, can aught forbear to mourn?

But when she saw her fainting lover lie,
The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh;
But streaming when she saw life's purple tide,
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice
she cried;

' Yet stay, loved youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiss thee!—hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear Adonis! stay!
And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.
Let those dear lips by mine once more be press'd,
Till thy last breath expire into my breast;

⁶ Ἀνδρα δ' ἐξ ὀδύνας ἐρυθραίνεσθαι.—

Paleness being the known effect of grief, we do not at first sight accept this expression; but when we consider that the first emotions of it are attended with blushes, we are pleased with the observation.

⁷ α δὲ Κυθρη
Παντας ἀνα κνέματος καὶ ἀνα πολλὸν οὐκ ἴσον αἰδεῖ.

This passage the scholiasts have entirely misunderstood. They make Κυθρη Venus, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name she borrows from that island being always Κυθήρεια, nor the least probability from the connexion.

This proves that the island Cythera was the place where Adonis perished, notwithstanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

Then, when life's ebbing pulse, scarce, scarce can
move,

I'll catch thy soul, and drink thy dying love.

That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortured
breast,

When thou art gone ——

When, far from me, thy gentle ghost explores
Infernal Pluto's grimly glooming shores.

‘ Wretch that I am ! immortal and divine,
In life imprison'd whom the fates confine.
He comes ! receive him to thine iron arms ;
Bless'd queen of death ! receive the prince of
charms.

Far happier thou, to whose wide realms repair
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.

The smiles of joy, the golden hours are fled :
Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead.

‘ The loves around in idle sorrows stand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone ! the myrtle's flowery pride !
Delight and beauty with Adonis died.

‘ Why didst thou, venturous, the wild chase ex-
plore,
From his dark lair to rouse the tusky boar ?
Far other sport might those fair limbs essay
Than the rude combat or the savage fray.’

Thus Venus grieved—the Cupids round deplore ;
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.

Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
The purple streams in blushing roses glow :
And catching life from every falling tear,
Their azure heads anemones shall rear.

But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain air ;
The last sad office let thy hand supply,
Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye.
That form reposed beneath the bridal vest,
May cheat thy sorrows with the feint of rest.
For lovely smile those lips, though void of breath,
And fair those features in the shade of death.
Haste, fill with flowers, with rosy wreaths his bed.
Perish the flowers ! the prince of beauty's dead.
Round the pale corse each breathing essence
strew ;

Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew.
Perish the balms, unable to restore
Those vital sweets of love that charm no more !

'Tis done.—Behold, with purple robes array'd,
In mournful state the clay-cold limbs are laid.
The Loves lament with all the rage of woe,
Stamp on the dart, and break the useless bow.
Officious these the watery urn supply, [thigh.
Unbind the buskin'd leg, and wash the bleeding
O'er the pale body those their light wings wave,
As yet, though vain, solicitous to save.

All, wild with grief, their hapless queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
Dejected Hymen droops his head forlorn,
His torch extinct, and flowery tresses torn :

For nuptial airs, and songs of joy, remain
The sad, slow dirge, the sorrow-breathing strain.
Who would not, when Adonis dies, deplore?
Who would not weep when Hymen smiles no
more?

The graces mourn the prince of beauty slain,
Loud as Dione on her native main :
The Fates relenting join the general woe,
And call the lover from the realms below.
Vain, hopeless grief! can living sounds pervade
The dark, dead regions of eternal shade?
Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant tear,
For the long sorrows of the mournful year^a.

FROM CATULLUS.

LESBIA, live to love and pleasure,
Careless what the grave may say :
When each moment is a treasure,
Why should lovers lose a day?

Setting suns shall rise in glory ;
But when little life is o'er
There's an end of all the story :
'We shall sleep; and wake no more.

Give me then a thousand kisses,
Twice ten thousand more bestow,
Till the sum of boundless blisses
Neither we nor envy know,

^a Numa seems to have borrowed the custom he instituted of mourning a year for the deceased from the Greeks. For though it is said only ten months were set apart, yet ten months were the year of Romulus till regulated by his successor.

THE
HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE
AND MODERATE DESIRES.

From the French of M. Cresset.

1760.

O GODDESS of the golden mean,
Whom still misjudging Folly flies,
Seduced by each delusive scene;
Thy only subjects are the wise:
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of fame.

See foster'd in thy favouring shade
Each tender bard of verse divine!
Who lured by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lured or want confined,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you slight the flowery crown,
That fame wreaths round the favour'd head;
Whilst laurel'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy shades have led;
There form'd, from courtly softness free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
Fabricius just, Camillus wise,
Those philosophic sons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And placed their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he on whose calm breast
The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
With all thy sober charms possess'd,
Whose wishes never learn'd to stray;
Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
And pensive thoughts from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For safe he views the valedgrown elm, [o'erwhelm.
While thunder-sounding storms the mountain pine

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whose thought, to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies:
With Reason's suffrage at his side,
Whose firm heart rests self satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
The northern or the southern shore,
He smiles at Fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild storm roar;
E'en Nature's groans, unmoved with fear,
And bursting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O Friendship fair, immortal maid;
The few caprice could never move,
The few whom interest never sway'd;
Nor shed unseen, with hate refined,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lovest the peaceful cell,
On these descends thy balmy power ;
While no terrific dreams dispel
The slumbers of the sober hour ;
Which oft, array'd in darkness drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus Sidon's monarch lived unknown,
And sigh'd to leave his little field,
For the long glories of a throne——
There once more happy and more free
Than rank'd with Dido's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues bless'd,
These charms of philosophic ease,
Wrapp'd in your Richmond's tranquil rest,
You pass, dear C——, your useful days ;
Where Thames your silent valleys laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage
Your time that thus consistent flows,
And following still these maxims sage
For ever brings the same repose ;
Your worth may greater fame procure :
But hope not happiness so pure.

FROM PETRARCH.

1765.

SONNET CLXXIX.

THOUGH nobly born, to humble life resign'd;
 The purest heart, the most enlighten'd mind;
 A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age!
 A cheerful spirit, with an aspect sage,—
 The power that rules the planetary train
 To her has given, nor shall his gifts be vain:
 But on her worth, her various praise to dwell,
 The truth, the merits of her life to tell,
 The Muse herself would own the task too hard,
 Too great the labour for the happiest bard.
 Dress that derives from native beauty grace,
 And love that holds with honesty his place:
 Action that speaks—and eyes whose piercing ray
 Might kindle darkness, or obscure the day!

* * * * *

SONNET CCLXXIX.

FALLEN the fair column, blasted is the bay,
 That shaded once my solitary shore!
 I've lost what hope can never give me more,
 Though sought from Indus to the closing day.
 My twofold treasure death has snatch'd away,
 My pride, my pleasure, left me to deplore:
 What fields far cultured, nor imperial sway,
 Nor orient gold, nor jewels can restore.

O destiny severe of humankind!

What portion have we unbedew'd with tears?
The downcast visage, and the pensive mind,
Through the thin veil of smiling life appears;
And in one moment vanish into wind
The hard-earn'd fruits of long, laborious years.

SONNET CCLVII.

WHERE is that face, whose slightest air could
move

My trembling heart, and strike the springs of love?
That Heaven, where two fair stars, with genial ray,
Shed their kind influence on my life's dim way?
Where are that science, sense, and worth confess'd;
That speech by virtue, by the graces dress'd?
Where are those beauties, where those charms com-
That caused this long captivity of mind? [bined,
Where the dear shade of all that once was fair,
The source, the solace of each amorous care;
My heart's sole sovereign, Nature's only boast?
—— Lost to the world, to me for ever lost!

SONNET CCXXXVIII.

WAIL'D the sweet warbler to the lonely shade;
Trembled the green leaf to the summer gale;
Fell the fair stream in murmurs down the dale,
Its banks, its flowery banks with verdure spread;
Where, by the charm of pensive Fancy led,
All as I framed the love-lamenting tale,
Came the dear object whom I still bewail,
Came from the regions of the cheerless dead:

‘ And why (she cried), untimely wilt thou die?
Ah why, for pity, shall those mournful tears
Start in wild sorrow from that languid eye?
Cherish no more those visionary fears,
For me, who range yon light-invested sky!
For me, who triumph in eternal years!’

THE
PASTORAL PART
OF
MILTON’S EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

O FOR the soft lays of Himeria’s maids!
The strains that died in Arethusa’s shades;
Tuned to wild sorrow on her mournful shore,
When Daphnis, Hylas, Bion breathed no more!
Thames’ vocal wave shall every note prolong,
And all his villas learn the Doric song.
How Thyrsis mourn’d his long-loved Damon dead,
What sighs he utter’d, and what tears he shed—
Ye, dim retreats, ye, wandering fountains, know,
Ye, desert wilds, bore witness to his woe:
Where oft in grief he pass’d the tedious day,
Or lonely languish’d the dull night away.

Twice had the fields their blooming honours bore;
And Autumn twice resign’d his golden store,
Unconscious of his loss, while Thyrsis staid
To woo the sweet Muse in the Tuscan shade:
Crown’d with her favour, when he sought again
His flock forsaken, and his native plain;

When to his old elm's wonted shade return'd—
Then——then, he miss'd his parted friend——and
mourn'd.

And ' Go (he cried), my tender lambs, adieu!
Your wretched master has no time for you.
Yet are there powers divine in earth or sky?
Gods can they be who destined thee to die?
And shalt thou mix with shades of vulgar name;
Lost thy fair honours, and forgot thy fame?
Not he, the god whose golden wand restrains
The pale-eyed people of the gloomy plains,
Of Damon's fate shall thus regardless be,
Or suffer vulgar shades to herd with thee.'

Then go, he cried, &c.

Yet while one strain my trembling tongue may
try,

Not unlamented, shepherd, shalt thou die.
Long in these fields thy fame shall flourish fair,
And Daphnis only greater honours share;
To Daphnis only purer vows be paid,
While Pan or Pales loves the vulgar shade:
If truth or science may survive the grave,
Or, what is more, a poet's friendship save.

Then go, &c.

These, these are thine: for me what hopes remain?
Save of long sorrow and of anguish vain.
For who, still faithful to my side, shall go,
Like thee, through regions clad with chilling snow?
Like thee, the rage of fiery summers bear,
When fades the wan flower in the burning air?

The lurking dangers of the chase essay,
Or sooth with song and various tales the day?
Then go, &c.

To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart?
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?
Whose gentle councils put those cares to flight?
Whose cheerful converse cheat the tedious night?
The social hearth when autumn's treasures store,
Chill blow the winds without, and through the bleak
Then go, &c. [elm roar.

When the fierce suns of summer noons invade,
And Pan reposes in the greenwood shade,
The shepherds hide, the nymphs plunge down the
deep, [sleep.
And waves the hedge-row where the ploughman's
Ah! who shall charm with such address refined,
Such attic wit, and elegance of mind?
Then go, &c.

Alas! now lonely round my fields I stray,
And lonely seek the pasture's wonted way,
Or in some dim vale's mournful shade repose—
There pensive wait the weary day's slow close,
While showers descend, the gloomy tempest raves,
And o'er my head the struggling twilight waves.
Then go, &c.

Where once fair harvest clothed my cultured plain,
Now weeds obscene and vexing brambles reign;
The groves of myrtle and the clustering vine
Delight no more, for joy no more is mine:
My flocks no longer find a master's care;
E'en piteous as they gaze with looks of dumb de-
Then go, &c. [spair.

Thy hazel, Tytirus, has no charms for me;
 Nor yet thy wild ash, loved Alpheesibee.
 No more shall fancy weave her rural dream,
 By Ægon's willow, or Amynta's stream,
 The trembling leaves, the fountain's cool serene,
 The murmuring zephyr, and the mossy green—
 These smile unseen, and those unheeded play,
 I cut my shrubs, and careless walk'd away.

Then go, &c.

Mopsus, who knows what fates the stars dispense,
 And solves the grove's wild warblings into sense;
 Thus Mopsus mark'd—'What thus thy spleen can
 move?

Some baleful planet, or some hopeless love?
 The star of Saturn oft annoys the swain,
 And in the dull cold breast long holds his leaden
 Then go, &c. [reign.'

The nymphs too, piteous of their shepherd's woe,
 Came the sad cause solicitous to know.
 'Is this the port of jocund youth (they cry),
 That look disgusted, and that downcast eye?
 Gay smiles and love on that soft season wait;
 He's twice a wretch whom beauty wounds too
 Then go, &c. [late'.

One gentle tear the British Chloris gave,
 Chloris the gface of Maldon's purple wave—

¹ Milton seems to have borrowed this sentiment from Guarini.

*Che se t' assale a la canuta etate
 Amoroso talento,
 Havrai doppio tormento,
 E di quel, che potendo non volesti,
 E di quel, che volendo non potrai.*

In vain—my grief no soothing words disarm,
No future hopes nor present good can charm.
Then go, &c.

The happier flocks one social spirit moves,
The same their sports, their pastures, and their
Their hearts to no peculiar object tend, [loves;
None knows a favourite, or selects a friend.
So herd the various natives of the main,
And Proteus drives in crowds his scaly train;
The feather'd tribes too find an easier fate,
The meanest sparrow still enjoys his mate;
And when by chance or wearing age she dies,
The transient loss a second choice supplies.
Man, hapless man, for ever doom'd to know
The dire vexations that from discord flow,
In all the countless numbers of his kind,
Can scarcely meet with one congenial mind:
If haply found, death wings the fatal dart,
The tender union breaks, and breaks his heart.
Then go, &c.

Ah me! what error tempted me to go
O'er foreign mountains, and through Alpine snow?
Too great the price to mark in Tyber's gloom
The mournful image of departed Rome;
Nay, yet immortal, could she boast again
The glories of her universal reign.
And all that Maro left his fields to see,
Too great the purchase to abandon thee!
To leave thee in a land no longer seen!—
Bid mountains rise, and oceans roll between!—
Ah! not embrace thee;—not to see thee die!
Meet thy last looks, or close thy languid eye!

Not one fond farewell with thy shade to send,
Nor bid thee think of thy surviving friend!

Then go, &c.

Ye Tuscan shepherds, pardon me this 'tear!
Dear to the Muse, to me for ever dear!
The youth I mourn a Tuscan title bore—
See Lydian Lucca² for her son deplore!
O days of ecstasy! when wrapp'd I lay
Where Arno wanders down his flowery way—
Pluck'd the pale violet, press'd the velvet mead,
Or bade the myrtle's balmy fragrance bleed!—
Delighted, heard amid the rural throng,
Menalcas strive with Lycidas in song.
Oft would my voice the mimic strain essay,
Nor haply all unheeded was my lay:
For, shepherds, yet I boast your generous meed,
The osier basket, and compacted reed:
Francino crown'd me with a poet's fame,
And Dati³ taught his beechen groves my name.

² The Tuscans were a branch of the Pelasgi that migrated into Europe, not many ages after the dispersion. Some of them marched by land as far as Lydia, and from thence detached a colony under the conduct of Tyrsenus to Italy.

³ When Milton was in Italy, Carlo Dati was professor of philosophy at Florence—a liberal friend to men of genius and learning, as well foreigners as his own countrymen. He wrote a panegyric and some poems on Lewis XIV. besides other tracts.

MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS.

ADDRESSED

TO A GENTLEMAN OF ITALY.

To Signor Mozzi, of Macerata.

To thee, the child of classic plains,
The happier hand of Nature gave
Each grace of Fancy's finer strains,
Each Muse that mourn'd o'er Maro's grave.

Nor yet the harp that Horace strung
With many a charm of easy art;
Nor yet what sweet Tibullus sung,
When beauty bound him to her heart;

Nor all that gentle Provence knew,
Where each breeze bore a lover's sigh,
When Petrarch's sweet persuasion drew
The tender woe from Laura's eye;

Nor aught that nobler Science seeks,
What truth, what virtue must avoid,
Nor aught the voice of Nature speaks,
To thee unknown, or unenjoy'd.

O wise beyond each weaker aim,
That weds the soul to this low sphere,
Fond to indulge the feeble frame,
That holds a while her prisoner here!

Trust me, my friend, that soul survives
(If e'er had Muse prophetic skill),
And when the fated hour arrives,
That all her faculties shall fill;

Fit for some nobler frame she flies,
Afar to find a second birth,
And, flourishing in fairer skies,
Forsakes her nursery of earth.

Oh! there, my Mozzi, to behold
The man that mourn'd his country's wrong,
When the poor exile left his fold,
And feebly dragg'd his goat along¹!

On Plato's hallow'd breast to lean,
And catch that ray of heavenly fire,
Which smooth'd a tyrant's sullen mien,
And bade the cruel thought retire!

Amid those fairy fields to dwell,
Where Tasso's favour'd spirit saw
What numbers none but his could tell,
What pencils none but his could draw!

And oft at eve, if eve can be
Beneath the source of glory's smile,
To range Elysian groves, and see
That Nightly Visitant—ere while,

Who, when he left immortal choirs,
To mix with Milton's kindred soul,
The labours of their golden lyres
Would steal, and 'whisper whence he stole.'

¹ Hanc etiam vix Tityre duco.

VIRG.

Ausonian bard, from my fond ear
By seas and mountains sever'd long,
If, chance, these humble strains to hear,
You leave your more melodious song;

Whether, adventurous, you explore
The wilds of Apenninus' brow,
Or, musing near Loretto's² shore,
Smile piteous on the pilgrim's vow;

The Muse's gentle offering still
Your ear shall win, your love shall woo,
And these spring flowers of Milton fill
The favour'd vales where first they grew.

For me, deprived of all that's dear,
Each fair, fond partner of my life,
Left with a lonely oar to steer,
Through the rude storms of mortal strife;—

When Care, the felon of my days,
Expands his cold and gloomy wing;
His load when strong Affliction lays
On hope, the heart's elastic spring;

For me what solace yet remains,
Save the sweet Muse's tender lyre;
Sooth'd by the magic of her strains,
If chance the felon, Care, retire?

Save the sweet Muse's tender lyre,
For me no solace now remains!
Yet shall the felon, Care, retire;
Sooth'd by the magic of her strains.

BLAGDON HOUSE,
June 26, 1776.

² Within a few miles of Macerata.

SONNET I.

O LADY fair, whose honour'd name is borne
By that soft vale where Rhyne so loves to stray,
And sees the tall arch crown his watery way!
Sure, happy he, though much the Muse's scorn,
Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,
Who never felt that spirit's charmed sway,
Which gentle smiles and gentle deeds adorn.
Though in those smiles are all love's arrows worn,
Each radiant virtue though those deeds display!
Sure, happy he who that sweet voice should hear
Mould the soft speech, or swell the tuneful strain,
And, conscious that his humble vows were vain,
Shut fond Attention from his closed ear;
Who, piteous of himself, should timely part,
Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

SONNET II.

As o'er yon wild hill, when the browner light
Of evening falls, the village maiden hies
To foster some fair plant with kind supplies,
Some stranger plant, that, yet in tender plight,
But feebly buds, ere Spring has open'd quite
The soft affections of serener skies;
So I, with such like gentle thought devise
This stranger tongue to cultivate with care,
All for the sake of lovely lady fair;

And tune my lays in language little tried
By such as wont to Tamis' banks repair,—
Tamis' forsook for Arno's flowery side,
So wrought Love's will that ever ruleth wide!

SONNET III.

CHARLES, must I say, what strange it seems to
say,

This rebel heart that Love hath held as naught,
Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive steal away;
This simple heart hath now become his prey.

Yet hath no golden tress this lesson taught,
Nor vermeil cheek that shames the rising day;
Oh! no—'twas Beauty's most celestial ray,
With charms divine of sovereign sweetness
fraught!

The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
The voice that, breathing melody so rare,
Might lead the toil'd moon from the middle sky!
Charles, when such mischief arm'd this foreign fair,
Small chance had I to hope this simple heart
should fly.

SONNET IV.

IN truth I feel my sun in those fair eyes,
So strongly strike they, like that powerful ray
Which falls with all the violence of day
On Libya's sands—and oft, as there, arise

Hot wasting vapours from the source where lies
My secret pain; yet, haply, those may say,
Who talk Love's language, these are only sighs,
That the soft ardours of the soul betray¹.

SONNET V.

AN artless youth, who, simple in his love,
Seem'd little hopeful from his heart to fly,
To thee that heart, O lady, nor deny
The votive gift, he brings; since that shall prove
All change and fear and falsity above.
Of manners that to gentle deeds comply,
And courteous will, that never asketh why;
Yet, mild as is the never wrathful dove,
Firmness it hath, and fortitude to bear
The wrecks of nature, or the wrongs of fate,
From envy far, and low designing care,
And hopes and fears that vulgar minds await,
With the sweet Muse and sounding lyre elate,
And only weak, when love had entrance there.

¹ The *conceitti* of the Italian in the conclusion of this Sonnet were so obstinate, that it seemed scarce possible to reduce them into any reputable form of translation. Such trifling liberties as the translator shall appear to have taken with these poems, must be imputed to a desire of getting over blemishes of the same kind.

CANZON.

GAY youths and frolic damsels, round me throng,
And smiling say, ' Why, shepherd, wilt thou
Thy lays of love adventurous to recite [write
In unknown numbers and a foreign tongue?—
Shepherd, if Hope hath ever wrought thee wrong,
Afar from her and Fancy's fairy light
Retire'—So they to sport with me delight;
' And other shores (they say), and other streams
Thy presence wait; and sweetest flowers that
blow,
Their ripening blooms reserve for thy fair brow,
Where glory soon shall bear her brightest
beams;—
Thus they, and yet their soothing little seems;
If she, for whom I breathe the tender vow,
Sing these soft lays, and ask the mutual song,
This is thy language, Love, and I to thee belong!

THE END.

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C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

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